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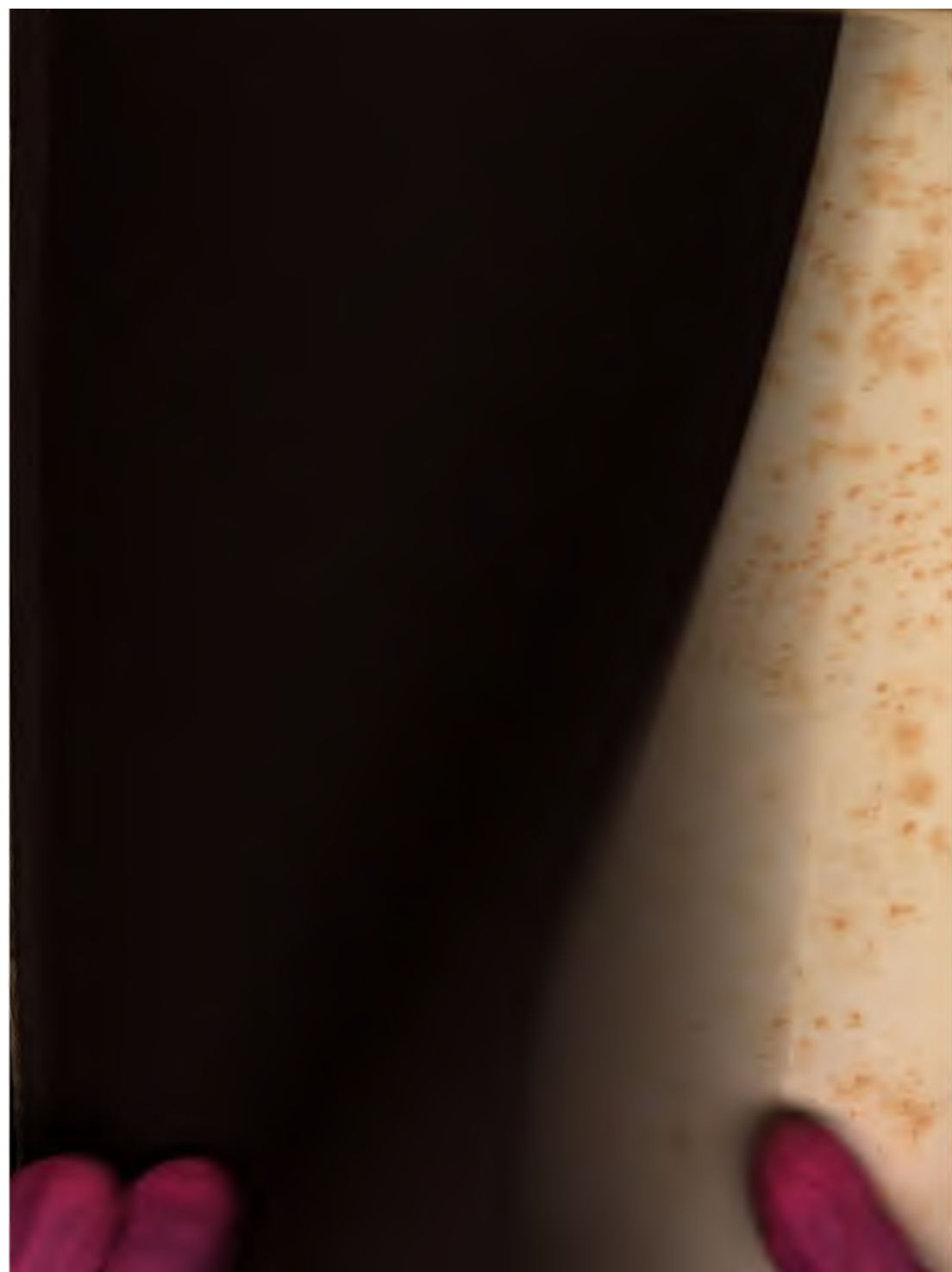
NICE

AND HER
NEIGHBOURS

S. REYNOLDS HOLE



1





VII

VIEW FROM THE HOTEL VILLA ARSON.

NICE AND HER NEIGHBOURS

BY

S. REYNOLDS HOLE

AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND,"

"A BOOK ABOUT ROSES," ETC.

"Understanding that I intended to winter in the South of France, he strongly recommended the climate of Nice in Provence, which indeed I had often heard extolled, and I am almost resolved to go thither, not only for the sake of the air, but also for its situation on the Mediterranean."

SMOLLETT, *Travels through France and Italy*

"O Nice ! heureux séjour, montagnes renommées,
De lavende, de thyme, de citron parfumées !
Que de fois sous les plants d'oliviers toujours verts,
Dont la pâleur s'unit au sombre azur des mers,
J'égarai mes regards sur ce théâtre immense !"

DELILLE



SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON

CROWN BUILDINGS, FLEET STREET

1881

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TO

EDWARD H. WOODALL, ESQ.

THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY HIS FRIEND

THE AUTHOR

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NICE AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATION.

IT was one of the special delights of my boyhood to see my father's hunters turned out to grass. The system of "summering" horses in the brick shed or wooden hovel, with its small inclosure, floored with dry bracken or wet clay, had not come into fashion; and when the season was over, and Jim Davis, huntsman of "the Rufford," had put by his horn, and the red coats gleamed no more amid the grand old oaks of Thoresby—when the buckskins and cords were laid to rest in their drawers of mahogany, with embalmments of lavender in muslin bags, and the snow-white tops, enveloped in copies of the *John Bull* newspaper, reposed in a contiguous rack; then, during the month

of April, there was a gradual reduction in the clothing, corn, and exercise of the hunters; and when the grass was growing, and the air was warmer, in May, they were led forth, two by John Ward, master of the horse, and two by Tim Chappell, equerry in waiting, to a large pasture of abundant herbage on the banks of the silver Trent. Then the old exercising bridles were quietly slipped off, John gave his favourite, Benedict, a farewell pat, for a few seconds the steeds stood motionless, glancing at each other as though they sought an explanation of the sudden change, and then, as they realised their freedom, rearing and kicking, with wild whinnies of delight, they galloped off at speed, as if a fox had gone away and their owner was up, racing, as his custom was, for a good place close to hounds.

Læta per arva ruunt. How often I thought of them when I was grinding at my Latin verses; but why do I think of them now? Because the scene, for many years forgotten, was suddenly, strangely, brought to my recollection in the great city, in the sombre room of an illustrious London physician, clever as Æsculapius, concise as Tacitus. "Over ridden," he said, when, not satisfied with that which I had told, he had a private conversation with my heart and lungs. "You must be turned out to grass. You must have a winter's run in

a warmer climate; the Riviera, I think, will suit you. I don't say no work, because rust will do you almost as much harm as friction, but choose the work which you like the best. No medicine. Thank you. Good morning."

But the morning did not seem to be good. Thankful to know that rest would restore, I was depressed, nevertheless, by the prospect of six months' exile from all my old haunts and habits, and I pined in thought as I went down the Great Northern line to pay a promised visit in the shires. A happy visit for me. In the light and warmth of a bright country home, filled with a genial company of fair women and brave men, the winter of my discontent was soon made glorious summer, or rather glorious autumn, for the time was early October. The gardens were still beautiful. The graceful plumes of the tall pampas grass waved over the glowing torch-flowers of the tritoma; the deep maroon of the holyhock, and the vivid crimson of the dahlia, contrasted with the silvery leaves of the variegated maple; the white phloxes and the anemone from Japan, with the salvias, blue and scarlet; and lovely La France, with a few faithful companions, maintained the royal supremacy of the rose. Partridges were plentiful, and so were turnips to keep them within range of the guns. There was the hunting of

the cub at sunrise, a proceeding which may be deeply interesting to masters of hounds, or preservers of foxes, or to young lovers, who, not having seen each other for seven or eight hours, are naturally anxious to meet at the earliest available date, but which is to me a dreariness, made just endurable by the flickering hope that an excursive fox, closely attended by a few old hounds, may elude the vigilance of the Whips, break covert at some unguarded end, and, stretching forward free and far, may give us a gallop in the open. There were tennis courts without and billiards within ; there were carriages, and sights to see. Better still, heads "with brains, sir," workers and thinkers ; and hands, deft with all Art's subtle skill, to charm our eyes and ears. So that our conversation was not restricted to the wonderful capabilities of the choke-bore, the super-canine retrieve which had been made that day by Trover ("Trover, an action to recover lost goods"), the excellence of the '64-clarets, and the probabilities of divorce. Best of all, there was the reunion of old friends, whose hearts were of each other's sure, including one from whom I heard, to my intense delectation, not only that he proposed to winter in the Riviera, but that he had secured the companionship of another Oxford mate, whom we both believed in, and loved.

Had it been in my power to select my fellow travellers these two would have been my choice. The former one of those men, of whom the world has but too few, who, good-looking and clever, always in health and always in high spirits, seem to raise the barometer, quicken one's pulse, and sharpen one's wits whenever they come into a room. Morose persons, who called him frivolous when his back was turned, collapsed before him in disgraceful mirth. He made the desert smile, the pessimist to grin.

Then he did hard things so easily. I have seen him sitting in his college eight just before a race, on his hunter just before a run, nay, even on his thoroughbred just before a steeplechase, and he was calm almost to apathy, and as one who begins to think of bed; but the moment in which the pistol was fired, or the true hound spoke, or the flag fell, he was radiant with life and power.

He took a second ("a very pretty second," one of the examiners said, "for his Latin composition was the best we saw, and there was material for a first, if he had worked the mine"), and then he joined a crack cavalry regiment. There was a myth that he came out of a perilous charge with a cigarette in his mouth, and when the legend was repeated to him, he made answer "that he certainly came out smoking, and so did his horse."

The best dressed man I ever saw ; and I saw him when men knew how to dress, when we believed that

“ Youth no less becomes the light and graceful livery it wears,
Than age its furs and sables,”

and thought that pot hats, and short pipes, and vile raiment should be only worn for fishing. If the weather was hot, his costume was so light, and white, and clean, that he had a cooling influence, like a block of ice. If the cold was severe, he had overcoats which would have kept him warm in Russia. Chalk would have grimed his wristbands. Time, who as a rule lays his finger on all things, made an exception in favour of his hat ; and even the mud of London streets seemed to spare his shining boots. Either because he was generally seen with a pretty bouquet in his coat, or because he was himself always gay, and fresh, and welcome as the flowers, he was called the Posey, and by that name I introduce him to my readers, with the hope that they also may become his friends. If they are not pleased with the picture, it will be because the painter has not caught the likeness.

Now he is a rich country gentleman, unspoiled even by that fatal flattery and parochial worship which surround the Squire. Unselfish, as when he lost a race, that he might help Martin Gale of Merton, all but

extinct ~~under~~ his horse at Aylesbury, he whispered to me at our recent reunion, as I met him coming home with "the guns," "I let that nephew of mine wipe my eye this morning, and it has wonderfully improved his shooting." No tenants had a more generous landlord. He had steam-engines to crush stones and roll them, to plough, to reap, and to thresh. He had prize bulls, grand stallions, which Lord Ellesmere might covet, and a ram transcending the famous ram of Derby, for it pumped water all over the place. "And yet," he sighed, "though I have drained every yard of the estate, and laid down no end of pasture, and made such costly experiments in artificial manures as would qualify me to succeed that chemical potentate, whom we knew at Oxford as the Professor of Stinks, my income is now less by a fourth. I could borrow money, or cut down timber; but I prefer to cut down my expenses. I had the place from my good father without a shilling of debt upon it, and so I will leave it to my son. Wherefore I have engaged eighteen stalls at Tattersall's, and have availed myself of our host's invitation, that I might not see the mournful exodus of my stud, and am going with you and the dear old Primate to the Riviera."

But who was the dear old Primate? Large-hearted

under-graduates, so sanguine in their hopes, and so generous in conferring titles and promotions, that they will call a man Admiral, if his father has a yacht, Woolsack, if he be the son of a barrister, and Field Marshal if papa be a major of yeomanry—these powerful patrons, on hearing that our friend proposed to take holy orders, at once raised him to the archiepiscopate, and as “the Primate” he was still known to his old companions, though his name has not yet been introduced into that serio-comic document, which is called a *congé d’élire*, and which means, being interpreted, there is no compulsion, but you must. Occasionally he wore an apron (masonic), and distinguished himself in lawn (tennis), but his highest title was that of a parish-priest, in which capacity, and in a large manufacturing town, he had worked himself white, and had been compelled to leave, with a nasty cough and a purse of five hundred guineas. He shall make himself known as we go on our journey.

And now the momentous question was debated in a full house—that is to say, after dinner—to what part of the Riviera should we go? Our host led off by saying that he believed our own climate, in spite of some occasional drawbacks, to be the finest in the world (he did not allude to the fact that he had never been in any other), and that it quite passed his powers of understanding

(" without going any great distance," whispered to me a sarcastic neighbour) how a fellow with any sort of a horse could cut hunting for the whole of the season.

"Cannes," said a magnificent lady, whose dress, more costly than ample, suggested the idea that she had prepared herself to give a sitting to the sculptor for a very comprehensive bust,—“Cannes is the only place where you will meet any decent people.”

"But nowadays," replied the Posey, "there's so much diversity of thought on decency, and we do not propose to hunt it in the form of powdered footmen."

"Go to Nice," urged another, "the favoured spot and rendezvous of the nations ever since the Romans ruled at Cimiez. There you have a place with a history, and plenty of room to breathe. There you have the most beautiful street in the world, the Promenade des Anglais — Brighton brightened fifty-fold. There you have an opera, theatres, concerts, balls, races on land and sea, and the most elaborate and amusing carnival in Christendom."

"Ah, yes," sneered his *vis-à-vis*, "go to Nice, and see the sewerage of all creation flowing into that cesspool of iniquity, Monte Carlo. Go to Nice, and let the mistral first choke you with dust, and then blow you into the sea."

"Would we not like to see the home of Dr. Antonio, and the grand palm-trees at Bordighera?"

"And be bored to death," it was added, "in a poky, little, unfinished slice of a watering-place, with the only solace that, when deceased, you would be interred by an excellent clergyman in a very pretty churchyard."

"Great improvements had been made at San Remo; it was much commended by the doctors; and the old town was very picturesque." "Would not feveresque be the more appropriate term?" it was immediately asked from the other end of the table.

"Hyères, the birth-place of Massillon, was famous for the longevity of its inhabitants: Hyères was dry." "Oh, remarkably dry! well aired by the mistral, of which it was the head-quarters; and three miles from any moisture in the form of sea." "There's a good story about it, whatever might be its merits. An autocratic Briton put his head out of a carriage, and in a loud imperious tone demanded from a French officer, whom he mistook for a railway official, '*Est-ce que c'est Hyères?*' The soldier was quite equal to the occasion and the impertinence, replying very calmly and slowly, '*Non, monsieur. Ce n'est pas hier, c'est aujourd'hui.*' The idea of a man publicly inquiring, at the top of his voice whether it was yesterday!"

"Would we not try Mentone? Had we not read Dr. Bennet's elaborate and interesting book?" "No, we must not go to Mentone. It was relaxing, full of invalids, triste as a hospital. Had not charming Colonel Lockhart spoken of it in *Mine is Thine* as 'that stuffy Mòrgue, Mentone'?"

Then we were favoured with instructions, equally discordant, with regard to our journey. "We had better get our tickets and coupons from Cook." "No, Gaze was the man." "If we dealt with either, we should find ourselves in dirty, third-rate hotels, and snubbed wherever we went."

"Of course, we had Murray's Handbooks." "Bäedaker's were superior. Bäedaker put an asterisk to everything that was worth seeing, and the remainder of creation, not *decoré* with a star by Bäedaker, must be regarded as a failure."

"We must travel by waggon or by *coupé-lit*." "And so see nothing of the country, and reach our destination limp, unkempt, and chilly, when others were beginning their jocund day."

"We must have a letter of credit." "Gold and Bank of England notes were better." "Circular notes were the best."

"No doubt we had decided on Calais as the

shorter route." "And find yourself unable to land in your big boat, and be kept waiting in a dirty little one while the luggage is transferred. Much better use the tidal steamer to Boulogne from Folkestone."

"Keep on deck in the fresh pure air." "Do nothing of the kind; seek the seclusion which the cabin grants. So say your sisters, your cousins, and your aunts."

There was only one conclusion—to see for ourselves, and buy our own experience; and the first experiment, we afterwards decided, was to be made in the neighbourhood of Nice, in "a delightful villa" (so wrote a friend who knew the Riviera well), "which has been recently opened as an hotel." Then came dreadful notes of preparation. Arrangements which would enable the country to carry on its business while we were away; papers to be assorted and locked up; the heavier part of our luggage to be sent off by *petite vitesse*; the large portmanteau to be bought and conspicuously lettered; the commodious travelling bag, the portable bath, the luncheon basket for excursions, the field-glasses, the tobacco, tea, and soap.

We met at the Charing Cross Hotel on the eve of departure. We walked across the Strand to Mr. Cook's office, and took our tickets, which enabled us to break

our journey almost as we pleased, to Nice. The cost by first-class is 8*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*, so that the entire expense of the journey from London, including a day and night in Paris, may be set down at 10*l.* It is curious to contrast this with the estimate which Smollett gives rather more than 100 years since:—
“The journey from Calais to Nice of four persons in a coach, or two postchaises, with a servant on horse-back—travelling post—may be performed with ease for about 120*l.*, including every expense.”

We dined; we went to see *Madame Favart*, and though we thought with her, when the soldier praised the land and blamed the sea, that there was nothing but for to agree, we went to bed, brave in our resolution—*Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.*



CHAPTER II.

FROM LONDON TO NICE.

OUR itinerary of the great sea (which we performed with closed eyes upon our backs in the cabin, the only position in which, so far as my experience goes, we land-lubbers can hope for peace) dismally verified the warning which we had received against selecting the Calais route. The steamer stopped, and congratulating ourselves that, with the aid of a little cognac, we had rather enjoyed the voyage than otherwise, we went on deck to find ourselves half a mile from the harbour, to be told that there was not enough water for our big boat to enter, and to be transferred, accordingly, to a smaller vessel, in which we swayed and rocked for half an hour, during the removal of the luggage, amid a crowd of faces sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, green and yellow, with a woeful wonder whether that surging stream of portmanteaus

and boxes from the hold would ever run itself dry, and whether it was possible for us to maintain our integrity until we reached the shore.

When asked by the *douaniers* at the station in Paris whether you have anything to declare, it is best to say that you have brought certain exciseable articles, such as cigars and tea, solely for your private use, and they will be passed, in any moderate quantity, without charge.

We left the Charing Cross Station at 7.30 A.M., and dined in the Hotel of St. James, Rue St. Honoré, soon after 8 P.M.

Next day, being Sunday, we attended the English service in the Rue d'Aguesseau. It was performed chiefly from two wooden pagodas, confronting each other, with a noble Protestant defiance of anything connected with beauty or reverence. The Scriptures were read in a cheerfully familiar tone, and the altar made a comfortable elbow-rest. The eucharistic blessing was given from a black gown, and from pagoda No. 2.

In the afternoon we strolled up the crowded Champs Elysées, and saw here and there in the open spaces the men playing the game which we call football with their hands. Very adroitly; but can ethnological science explain a Frenchman's inability to kick? "I tell you

what it is, Mr. Mounseer," said a Yorkshire farmer to one of our lively neighbours, the Gauls, who had some way annoyed him at the Smithfield show, "if you don't regulate yoursen a bit more, and keep yoursen to yoursen, I shall faver you with such a kick as you can't get in France."

A prettier sight was the miniature carriage for children, in which white goats, prettily harnessed, and decorated with ribbons, were driven by a tiny coachman, four-in-hand. From this peaceful scene we passed to a very striking contrast, the grand panorama of the Siege of Paris, which, with a few realities, such as cannon, to assist the picture, is marvellously life-like, and death-like also. "Look there," exclaimed the Primate, when, during our walk, we caught sight of the new church on Montmartre; "that beautiful building is to perpetuate something worse than a morbid sentiment, a delusion, and profanity. It is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, as described by a dreaming girl!"¹

¹ Of this church Père Hyacinthe has written recently, "What spectacle meets our eyes on the heights of Montmartre? A church is being built, but to whom? To Christ—but the Christ of Montmartre is the one who appeared, it is said, to Marie Alacoque during hallucination, as a youth of inspired beauty, sensual and mystic, exhibiting to her eyes a lacerated viscus, a heart dripping with blood, surrounded by a red flame! These misguided Christians have in their audacious fanaticism done that which

Returning to our hotel, we found an elderly lady wailing and weeping hysterically in the hall. Her daughter had been to the afternoon service, and, taking a wrong turn, had not yet returned. "My child," she sobbed, "my beautiful child is lost!" expressions more honourable to her maternal instincts than reliable as statements of fact, seeing that the beautiful child re-appeared as she spoke, and was very plain, and forty. During the embraces the joyful sympathy of the spectators almost amounted to mirth. The Posey suggested a dance round.

Then we dined, excellently and abundantly,—soup, fish, three courses, and a dessert,—for two shillings, at the Restaurant de Paris in the Palais Royal, our satisfaction being somewhat diminished by the discovery that the implements of conveyance had been too hastily prepared for the banquet. One fork, in particular, when drawn through a dinner napkin left lines of a vivid green. If this was verdigris, it is, perhaps, a wiser economy on the whole to pay a little more for cleanliness.¹

it was not permitted the cruel executioners of Calvary to do. They have broken His sacred Body, they have torn out His holy heart and paraded it about the world on banner, cross, and halberd. Ah, is it not true that Paganism is still in our midst?"

We found, on our return to Paris, that this cleanliness, in combination with an equally good dinner, might be had at the same outlay in the Rue Rivoli and elsewhere.

Next day, after a journey of thirteen hours on the rail, made for the most part in a bright sunshine, which brought out in picturesque contrast the red soil and the white limestone, here and there intermixed, and which glittered in the river of the Seine, the Loire, and the Allier, as they flowed by the vine-clad hills, we reached

AVIGNON BY MOONLIGHT,



and were roused next morning by a performance of multitudinous buglers, very inspiring at first, and suggestive of Tennyson's ringing rhyme, "Blow, bugles, blow," but rendered irksome by an incessant repetition, as though all the trumpeters of the French army had met

for a grand rehearsal. I thought of a protest which was made in my College days against the immoderate use of wind instruments. Half a dozen of us had driven over to Henley, in a couple of dog-carts, and as we were all men of humane disposition, and the way was long, we had attached to our vehicles an extra quadruped, sometimes called a leader, and had provided tuneful horns, that we might encourage the animals with music during the performance of their arduous duties. We were leaving the Lion Hotel in the evening, with a few preliminary blasts, for the delectation of the inhabitants, when one of them, whose gait and utterance were much impaired by alcohol, thus addressed us—"You'll excuse me, guvnors, but I never can understand how you young gentlemen, coming from the Univarsity of Hoxfut, which it is all knowledge, should take so much pleasure as you do in blowing them dem tin 'orns."

Avignon is a fair city, and a bright, pleasant abode, when the mistral bloweth not. We saw it from the hill of the Promenade des Doms, without a guide, or a beggar, or a smoky chimney, in an atmosphere which was so pure and clear and warm after the chill and humidities of our fatherland that it almost made one tipsy. Close by, the euonymus, plain and variegated, was covered with its berries, the oleander with its great seed-pods, the

paulownia with buds, the Japanese medlar (*Eriobotrya japonica*), with the flowers, which precede the fruit six months, the opuntia with its ruddy pears. The arbutus wore its triple crown, exhibiting its leaves and flower and fruit in simultaneous beauty; and this tiara reminds me of the huge solemn building hard by, now a barrack, but once a palace, wherein seven popes and three anti-popes reigned in magnificent luxury from 1305 to 1424. The size remains, though the splendour has gone, and they show you gloomy remains of towers and chapels and banquet rooms; and tell you horrible stories of mediæval cruelties, of a great company of Avignon nobles blown up at a feast by the Papal legate, whose nephew they had condemned to death; of Inquisition tortures, and of the more modern massacre at the Glacière in 1791. I do not propose to make any additions, from my sixpenny box of colours, to the grand "Pictures from Italy," in which Dickens has depicted those scenes of terror.

There is an admirable Calvary in front of the cathedral, but the oil lamps, which are painted green and yellow and are interposed between the crucifix and the four angels, who seem to be worshipping them, mar the grace of congruity. So does a gigantic figure of the Virgin, on the summit of the church, interfere with its proportions

and beauty. "Not only without, but within," sighed the Primate, "not only in type, but in reality, Notre Dame des Doms dominates over all, and stands between the Church and her God."

"I wonder," added the Posey, "whether we can see from hence the village of Le Thor, so called because, as I have just read in Murray, once upon a time it was inhabited by a pious bull who insisted upon kneeling down continually on the banks of a certain pond, until an image of the Virgin was found in the mud, and deposited in a church built to receive it."

Within the cathedral is the papal throne, and pictures of the popes who sat on it; and there is a beautiful figure of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, in one of the side chapels.

Having decided in committee that we did not seem to know much, or to care much, about Petrarch and Laura, we did not search for the church in which they first met, nor did we pay a visit to Vaucluse, where he lived so long and lazily on the banks of the Sorguès, watching the fishes, whose descendants are still much admired by visitors dining at the Hôtel de Pétrarque et Laure.¹

¹ A French writer, referring to her death during a terrible pestilence at Avignon, writes as only a Frenchman could: "Parmi ces victimes, la plus illustre, non par le sang, mais par sa beauté, sa vertu, et ses amours, était

And so, after a day's enjoyment, we left Avignon, turning, like the tearful soldier, to take a last fond look from the hill of Villeneuve (still retaining its ancient name, just as New-work is still Newark), and then driving pleasantly on in the carriage which we had hired to Nîmes (thirty-two miles, fifty francs, including five for the *cocher*), through the stunted olives, from which the women were beating the first ripe berries, and round which the men were digging and dunging, or by the bright green mulberry-trees, from which they were filling sacks with leaves for the silkworm, amid merry laughter and song. Our drive had no special incident, except a special smell, arising from a large and ancient shoe, which had been placed on the iron break, to prevent excessive trituration of the wheel. The Posey fought it with a big cigar, but it became more and more offensive, like the dying skunk, until it was finally consumed in its own ashes.

Sixteen miles from Avignon stands in solitary

Laure de Sade, que l'empereur Charles avait baisée au front dans un des bals de la cour pontificale, et que les sonnets de Pétrarque avaient rendue déjà célèbre dans toute l'Europe. La chaste amante du poète mourat entourée de l'admiration universelle, regrettée de son mari, à qui elle avait donné onze enfants, et laissant Pétrarque inconsolable." The combination is sublime of virtue and amour, kisses and Papal courts, eleven children and one inconsolable Petrarch !

grandeur, as the Romans left it, some say 1800 years ago, the bridge of the Gard, on three tiers of arches with a covered passage on the top, through which you may walk, or over it, if you are not nervous, on a four-foot pavement, 160 feet from the valley beneath. It was part of an aqueduct, made to convey from the mountains the water of two springs to Nîmes, and it is a noble monument of the great builders. Well might Rousseau say when he saw this massive and majestic work that the reality far transcended his expectation, his Rousseau's dream, *ce que je vois est fort au-dessus de ce que je m'étais figuré!* Before we ascended to explore we had our luncheon on one of the slopes by the side, an *al fresco* picnic on the 12th day of November! So hot, that we were glad to avail ourselves of the scanty shade of some scrubby junipers, and not having as yet purchased the necessary sunshade (for who would think of parasols in November?), to tie our handkerchiefs over our hats. Whenever we moved the wild thyme and lavender gave out their delicious incense. (I forbear as a friend from naming the individual who, remarking that it was a "goodly place and goodly *thyme*," was told it was too hot for puns). Close by were the long graceful branches of the wild asparagus, much used in church decorations, the bright red currant-like berries of the trailing

sarsaparilla (*Smilax aspera*), and the large vermilion berries of the butcher-broom, more beautiful than any cultivated solanum, which I have ever seen. A broiling July hay-day in the middle of November! O my dithering fellow-countrymen, with your red noses, and throbbing gums, your chapped hands and chilblains! O land of fogs and footwarmers, a tear of pity stands upon my carmine cheek, like a dew-drop on the rose, for you.

No person who cares for history, and feels an interest in its proofs, they, least of all, who have read admiringly the records of the great Roman people, should pass through France to the Riviera without a visit to Nîmes; for there they will find, assuredly, a supreme surprise and delectation. Not in the city, not in the people, not in the great fountain by Pradel (for though the heads of the figures are exquisitely carved, the legs of Nemusa suggest gout and varicose veins, and the water, spouting below, looks as though she had upset her foot-pan), but in the temple, amphitheatre, and baths, built by the Romans, in, or soon after, the Augustan era. When we consider that, for so many centuries, these buildings have received far more injury than care from man; that within the temple the exquisite carving of the Corinthian pillars,

borrowed, like so many other artistic beauties, by the Romans from the Greeks, has been cut away, and that the edifice itself has been used as a town-hall, a granary, and a stable; that the amphitheatre was set on fire by Charles Martel with a view to its destruction; and that the baths were cleared and restored only just in time to prevent irreparable ruin—the present condition of these structures seems, even in this climate, marvellous. The temple, or *Maison Carrée*, as it is now called, might have been built 100 years ago, and is rightly described as “*le plus beau et le mieux conservé de tous les monuments Romains qui subsistent encore*” in France; the amphitheatre, if not so large as its neighbour at Arles, and but a dwarf compared with the Coliseum, though it is supposed to have held 20,000 people, is in a more complete state of preservation than any other circus in the world; and the baths, still supplied from the same “Fountain of the Nymphs,” might be used to-morrow. Gazing at the graceful outlines of the temple, sitting on the stone benches of the amphitheatre, or peering into the dens of the wild beasts, of the boars that were to be chased, and the bulls to be baited; looking down from the beautiful garden, with its statues, and vases, and palms, and flowering shrubs, into the colonnades of



THE ROMAN BATHS AT NÎMES.

the baths below, and going thence to the ruins of an ancient fane close by, with a stone roof of great beauty, and an interesting collection of antiquities, amphoræ, incense-pans, busts with movable stone-wigs (for there was a time when the Romans kept their statues *au courant du jour* in head-gear); in scenes like these one seems to realise the actors and the drama of the past, and to be living with them in the brave days of old, with grand Roman gentlemen, handsome, haughty, hardly noticing the humble obeisance, or the *Ave, Domine*, of slaves and dependants, moving with stately tread ("having on," in modern parlance, "no end of swagger"), and draped in the graceful toga, a huge plaid fifteen feet by ten, which has been made for them by the *placens uxor*—

"Domum mansit, lanam fecit,"

after the royal example of Livia, for her lord Augustus. There is the wife herself, or the daughter, *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*, divinely fair, and most divinely tall, veiled in the long stola or tunic, girdled at the waist, embroidered round the feet, the arms shown in all their beauty from the short sleeves, with bracelets on the wrists, and rings on the fingers, and with the *palla*, or cloak, over all. They are going to the

baths, and are followed by attendants carrying the towels, and perfumes, and unguents, and, if they propose to use the *caldaria*, the heated rooms (we shall see hereafter how nearly the Roman system resembled the Turkish), the *strigil*, with which, as with thoroughbreds after a race, the perspiring limbs are to be scraped.

Hark, there is a loud shouting, and a great procession comes on, with banners and images of the gods, the proconsul, representing the Emperor, in royal state, with the knights and senators, followed by the charioteers, who are to race in the arena; by the huge gladiators carrying the shield and sword, lance, net, and cestus; some *morituri*, marching on to die; and by the mirthful mob, who only ask for *panem et circenses*, quite content with a mere existence if they can have their games.

See, in solemn order (boys leading the white oxen, decked with ribbons, and garlanded with flowers), the priests are going to the sacrifice. And then what a strange, weird, company! With plaintive music from flute and horn, with dirge and wail, sometimes changing into jubilant strain, the mourners, now expressing their own sorrow, and anon the merits of the dead, take the corpse to the funereal pile—actors sometimes repre-

senting the distinguished ancestors of the deceased, dressed in the clothes which they wore, and which were preserved for the purpose, and wearing masks of wax, which had been modelled from their features after death. But we must wake from these dreams, and dine.

After dinner, the Posey : " My spirit is oppressed," he said, " by sentiments of profound melancholy "—and he inserted the end of a large cigar into a face beaming with health and merriment—" when I remember that those noble Romans were in total darkness as regards tobacco. And I feel this distress all the more keenly, because here at Nîmes the fruition of that delicious herb was introduced into France from Portugal by one Nicot, a physician. I have written, and will read to you, some verses in his praise, and not wishing to exaggerate their merits, I will only say that, so far as I understand Horace (how he would have enjoyed a weed !) and other writers *de Arte Poeticâ*, they seem to me to defy criticism. There will be a brief interval for applause (and this cigar) at the end of every verse, and after the vote of thanks at the conclusion, the form which the testimonial should take, must, of course, be left to you."

NICOT OF NÎMES.

A Poem.

I.

From Æscula-pius's day to those of modern doctors,
Of all the swells, who've dealt in smells, the druggists, and decoctors,
There is not one, however long throughout the list you seek, no
Name to claim a nobler fame than that of Doctor Nicot.

II.

They gave man ease those old M.D.s, who knew his diagnosis ;
But they had their day, and passed away, there was no metempsychosis ;
They bled, they pill'd, they cured and killed, but whether dull or clever,
Each disappears amid the years—Nicot goes on for ever !

III.

They loved their fees, those old M.D.s, small blame to them, if any :
Their normal charge was much too large for the purses of the many ;
But good Nicot, to sooth our woe, a medicine cheap imported,
And e'er since then all kinds of men have thereunto resorted.

IV.

For men in *blouse* may buy for sous this herb Nicotiana,
While sums untold are spent in gold for the costly choice Havanna ;—
From dawn to dark, the little spark, in mirth and melancholy,
If hearts are sad, it maketh glad, if glad, why yet more jolly.

V.

It cheers men's toil, on sea or soil, alone or altogether ;
It warms the chilled, it cools the grilled, it's good for every weather ;
It brings relief for lone love's grief, it calms our indignations ;
In gentle sighs the sorrow dies of all our perturbations.

VI.

Before the wine of sunny Rhine, or even Madame Cliquot's,
Let all men praise, with loud hurras, this panacæa of Nicot's,
The debt confess, though none the less they love the grape and barley,
Which Frenchmen owe to good Nicot, and Englishmen to Raleigh.

VII.

The Hill des Doms, at Avignon, displays a noble figure,
In bronze, and Eastern guise, life-size, perhaps a little bigger,—
Althen by name, and known to fame, because, long since, he had a
Successful skill, transmitted still, in cultivating madder.

VIII.

And shall there be no effigy of him, who, thus bestowing
His gift on all, both great and small, has set your pipes a glowing?
Smokers of France, the cash advance, let all the world see that you
Know how to esteem this man of Nîmes, and let him have a statue.



NICOT OF NÎMES.

“I have always understood,” said the Primate, “that nicotine was rank poison: Put me down for a halfpenny stamp which has gone through the ordeals of the post.”

Next day we went by rail to Arles. The amphitheatre, though it has not received the masonic attentions which have been bestowed on its neighbour at Nîmes, is, perhaps, on that very account, more interesting, having a more ancient and venerable aspect. There is a grand view from its tallest tower of the city, once the capital of Gaul, and its surroundings, of the Rhone, and of the distant mountains.

From the amphitheatre we went to visit the

RUINS OF A ROMAN THEATRE,



very scanty in comparison, and sadly suggesting the small influence which the drama exercised, then as now, against that of more sensational scenes. Not only the *profanum vulgus*, but the educated classes also, despised the tragedies of Livius Andronicus, the comedies of Plautus and Terence, the acting of Æsopus and Roscius, when the amphitheatre invited them to its grim realities. Who cared for a player, simulating death, when he could see the life blood pouring out from the heart of the dying gladiator? Who cares for Hamlet or Irving, when Blondin, it may be, shall break his neck, or Zazel be blown to pieces? So the theatre, too near the circus, was thought to be tame and insipid, and in the middle of a dramatic performance we read, there would be an uproarious demand for a boxing-match, or even for a dancing bear.

From the Roman theatre we passed from gay to grave—to the cathedral church dedicated to St. Trophimus. “‘Trophimus, first Bishop of Arles,’” said the Primate, reading from his Handbook, “‘*supposed* to have been a disciple of Saint Paul;’ why he is twice mentioned in the Acts as being St. Paul’s companion, and once in his Epistles, by the Apostle himself, as ‘left at Miletum sick.’” The stone carvings over the grand entrance to the church, and on the pillars of the

cloisters—the latter including a riderless steed, which, our guide informed us, was the horse from which St. Paul fell when journeying to Damascus—are very quaint and interesting.

Thence to the great cemetery, which has been a burial-ground, they say, for 2,000 years, walking amid the huge sarcophagi, coffins, and tombs, and returning by the pleasant boulevard, with its pretty trees of *Celtis Australis* and Aleppo pine. Something prettier than the trees may be seen on this promenade upon Sundays and other festal days, when the women of Arles, famous for their beauty, come forth, *endimanchées*, in their gay kerchiefs and snowy caps.

Coming back to our inn we had our first interview with “the Mistral” wind, *le maitre vent*, *le Magistral de la Provence*, blowing from the north-west, dry and cold, and were glad that evening to have a fire in our salon. Mr. Dobson, valet to the Posey, was removing the white ashes of a former fire, when a Frenchman, whose acquaintance we had made at the *table d’hôte*, and who had come with us for coffee and a cigarette, suddenly sprang up in a state of wild excitement, and with an expression of horror, which could hardly have been more intense had he been looking on at the murder of his mother, screamed, “*Mille diables ! que faites vous ?*”

Laissez la braise ! Tout est perdu ! Laissez la braise !”

Then regaining his equanimity, as the astonished valet ceased to sweep, he explained how the ashes not only retained the heat, when former fires were gone, but brought a welcome to the coming guests, and made them burn more readily ; and he proceeded to rearrange the *débris*, placing the great cones, *pommes de pin*, under the logs of olive wood, applying a light from his match box, and gracefully handing the bellows to Mr. Dobson, to that gentleman's supreme disgust.

CHAPTER III.

THE GARDEN AT THE VILLA ARSON.

NONE forget their first happy entrance into the vestibule of the Riviera, the country which, when you have passed Marseilles, combines the wild grandeur of Connemara with the verdant grace of Killarney ; the barren mountains (or rather the mountains which seem to be barren, for you find, when you are upon them, that they have a beautiful vegetation of their own) rising up above the trees, some evergreen — note specially the carouba or locust-tree, the “ pin parasol,” or umbrella pine—and some deciduous, in all their autumnal glory. None forget their first sight of the vines, all green and golden, under the silvery leafage of the olive ; of the brown-red bole of the cork-tree, from which the outer bark has been removed for use ;¹

¹ It is in this district of a coarse quality, and is only available for fishermen's nets and other common purposes ; but there is a finer quality in the Esterel, which is used for bottles, &c.



THE PRICKLY PEAR.

of the palm-tree, of the orange-tree; of the mountains of the Esterel, rising roseate in the sunset from the blue waves of the Mediterranean; of the coquette villas of Cannes in their pretty gardens; of the rose-girt stations at Beaulieu and Villefranche; of the eucalyptus on the right, and the pepper-trees (*Schinus molle*) on the left, as they leave the station at Nice.

It was dark when we reached the Hotel of the Villa Arson referred to in the first chapter, after a drive of some mile and a half, with a steep ascent at the end of it; and my joyful surprise was all the greater next day, when, with an anxious curiosity, I looked out of my bedroom window. The air was mild, and the sun was shining. Underneath was a cactus, the opuntia, ten feet in height, with leaves of a fresh vivid green, some of them a foot in length, and with an abundance of bright, blushing, prickly pears. To the left, a lantána, covering a wall twelve feet by ten, with its red and yellow flowers, some of its branches drooping from the top over an orange-tree, laden with its golden balls. In front of me were two great trees of arbutus, under whose boughs you might have given tea to the children (say fifty) of a village school, wearing all their beauty of foliage, flower, and fruit, and not here to be called *Unedo* (eat one, and you'll

want no more), because its berries, thoroughly ripened, are pleasant to the taste, both *au naturel* and as a preserve.

Beyond these was the garden, which has a very charming entrance from the southern front of the hotel, as shown in the frontispiece.

Passing under the archway, which is covered with the Banksian rose, and leaving on the left the curious "Fountain Kiosk," composed of stone, shells, glass, statues, and tanks (note especially the swans done in cockle shells, within, and the beautiful muhlenbeckia on the southern front, without), and erected by the "*Société des Ouvriers de Nice*" in honour of Commander Arson de St. Joseph, one of the former owners of the villa,—and descending the first of the terraces, of which there are seven, you walk through a little avenue of magnolias, the tallest about thirty feet in height, covered with their large lustrous leaves and cone-like seed vessels, showing here and there the bright vermilion seeds. Then going on from platform to platform—

"D'étage en étage, on allait de surprise en surprise"—

you have around you a most charming collection of trees, and shrubs, and flowers : eucalyptus and carouba, cedar, cypress, and pine ; the pepper-tree, cratægus,

acacia, camellia, escallonia, veronica, kennedya, plum-bago, teucrium fruticosum (the pale blue salvia, with its white woolly leaf), sparmannia, polygala, chorozema, habrothamnus, bignonia—many of these still in bloom ; the datura, with its long white bells ; an abundance of roses, principally Chinas, Teas, and Bourbons, such as cramoisie supérieure, fabvier, gloire de rosmoine, safrano, gloire de Dijon, acidalie, and Bourbon queen ; phloxes, petunias, carnations, violets, mignonette, pansies ; the aloe,¹ still wearing its scarlet glory ; hedges of the spiræa, or Italian May, at rest, and of coronilla and red geranium, intermixed, and here and there gay with flowers.

The glorious view opens out before you as you go down the garden, until, passing the graceful palm-tree on your left, and reaching the central terrace, you look over the orange-trees, with red roses almost touching their golden fruit, upon the monastery and church of St. Barthélémi below, upon the city of Nice, and, beyond the city, the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea. To the east, and west, and north, a great amphitheatre, capable of holding (in this land of amphitheatres one gets a habit of measuring their capacities)

¹ Quite distinct from its gigantic brother, the agave, although the names are too often used indiscriminately.

several millions of spectators—a great amphitheatre of mountains, the third of a series which makes our

. “deep vale,
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world.”

Ah, those grand yet gracious mountains! those majestic, merciful hills! which seemed to us at first so solitary, so steep, and stern, but which we learned to know and love so well—like those heroes of our boyhood with whom our friendships began in fear, or those chief endeavours and successes of our life which once we thought beyond our scope.

And on these hills, at their feet, on summit and slope, amid the olives, and the vines, and the corn, which the Greeks, some say,¹ brought here 2,000 years ago, are the spacious villas of the wealthy and the husbandman's modest home.

On the white road below, a regiment, in dark blue and red, marches to Nice, with drums and bugles playing. It is a very picturesque and beautiful scene, and well might Talleyrand, who came here as a guest, exclaim, when he saw it—“*Si j'avais connu les beautés de cette campagne, ce n'est pas le Roi du Piémont, qui l'aura.*”

¹ Cecrops apporta dans l'Attique vers 1556 avant J. C., et de Grèce les Phocéens l'apportèrent chez nous.—*De Sais*. But the more probable opinion is that the olive is an indigenous tree.

Let us sit down on the central terrace and enjoy the landscape more in detail. Those solemn olives, with their black boles and their grey, silvery leaves, hushed and pale, it ever seems to me, by the sight of some awful scene—what gracious benefactors they are to Nice! Their foliage, despite its sombre hue, brings, all the winter through, a look of summer to the scene, and so attracts the stranger and his gold. And though their culture is laborious—for the soil must be walled in on those mountain slopes, and abundance of manure brought up, and the husbandman must have long patience, for the olive has many foes, in fungus, insect, and frost—it will surely bring to him, in due season, food, and fuel, and light. It flowers in April, and the berries ripen at different periods (though the trees all look alike, there are many varieties) from November to March. These are beaten from the trees, as in the days of Moses, and then conveyed to one of the olive mills which you see (and smell) in the neighbourhood. There they are crushed by water-power and horse-power, or in the presses by manual labour (though steam would doubtless save a large amount both of work and money), and make various qualities of oil: *surfine, fine, ordinaire, mangeable, clair-roux, ressence, et d'enfer*. The *clair-roux* is used in the preparation

of wool, the *ressence* for soap, the *d'enfer* for light; and the two latter are commonly given to the miller as payment for his work. Thus the olive-tree, pleasant to the eye and good for food, beautifies the land, nourishes the people (they have a compound of warm oil and garlic, which, though it might not suit delicate ladies, or voyagers unaccustomed to the sea, is highly relished by the *paysans* in these parts), and supplies their hearths with firewood, and their lamps with light. By and by, when we go down to Nice, it will present itself to our admiration in a very different form.

Close to the olives, and sometimes under them, are the orange and lemon trees. Indeed there is something wonderful, where there is careful culture, in the harmony and abundance of vegetation. The taller trees seem to protect the lesser, and the lesser trees the vegetables, corn, and flowers. As Alphonse Karr describes it: "*Ici l'ombre ne nuit pas, elle protège. Les citronniers fleurissent et fructifient sous les oliviers et sous les figuiers; les jasmins s'épanouissent, et le blé jaunit, sous les citronniers; les légumes viennent très bien à l'ombre des treilles.*"

Some say that in the year 1500 there was only one sweet orange-tree in France, and that early in the nineteenth century there were remains of a very ancient tree

at Lisbon, which had supplied all Europe with its scions. There in the new city below us the Carmelites had a garden, which they called Paradis, and in it, where the Rue de Paradis now stands, were the first oranges which ripened in the Riviera. Blessed be they who brought the orange from China to Portugal, and from Portugal to Nice, where it is still known as *Portugalie*. For it is indeed a gracious tree, with its symmetrical outline, its glossy foliage, its lovely flowers, sweetest of all except the rose,—its golden fruit, which we enjoy from childhood, and press in sickness to the fevered lip. Without its blossoms what dismay to the bouquetier, and what despair to the crownless bride! What an *hiatus valdé deflendus* on our breakfast-tables, were there no marmalade! What a dryness and desolation on Shrove Tuesday, were there no orange juice for our pancakes!

Orange-trees are grown in the neighbourhood of Nice more for their flowers than for their fruit, more for the distillery than for the dessert, and for this reason not much attention is paid to selection or to culture. The oranges, like the apples of Sodom, are beautiful to the eye, but bitter to the taste, and are thick-skinned, and full of pulp and pips. Dr. Bennet, of Mentone (of whom and of the oranges more anon), showed me some healthy young

trees, which he had grown from the best fruit which could be bought in Covent Garden Market. The oranges were ripening, and promised to be excellent. Should they prove so, grafts will be available *pro bono publico*, but the difficulty will be to induce the public to believe that anything, which was not grown by its grandfather, can deserve a trial.

The lemon-tree is grown sparsely in the neighbourhood of Nice, and finds a more congenial home at Mentone and at Bordighera, where, much more delicate and susceptible of frost than the orange, it has a better protection, and a greater radiation of heat, from the limestone rocks close by.

The vine-plots (for there are no large vineyards in this district) are everywhere around us. The main stem is tied to a strong stake, and the laterals to a rude trellis of the huge *cannes*, which (some of them long enough and strong enough to hold a salmon) are never far to seek. The wood is closely pruned and the soil dug in February; the new growth develops in April, flowers in May, and ripens its grapes in September. The vines still suffer sadly from the fungus, *Oidium*, and the insect *Phylloxera*. The former succumbs to sulphur, but the latter attacks the roots, and seems to defy every process of ejection which has been served

upon it.¹ The *vin du pays* is rough, but pleasant and refreshing, when modified with water, to the hot pedestrian, *pedibus qui venerit albis*, who comes with dust on his boots and in his throat to the way-side *auberge*, where a bottle costs him half a franc. If he does not like it, let him make an experiment of Vermouth and Eau de Selze from a siphon ; but the common people in these parts happily think that it is quite equal to Olympian Nectar, Falernian, or '74 Latour, and they are never tired of singing its praise, in their peculiar *fatois* of mixed Italian and French,

"O vin de la mieù Nissa,
En lou mieù ventre glissa
Siès un bouon médessin !"

Long may they love it best, and, preferring it to absinthe and eau de vie, keep themselves free from the drunken degradations so common in England and so rare in France.

The best of the wines of this district is *Le Bellet*, which improves by keeping, and is given by the doctors as a tonic. The other wines soon become acid, not to say sour, and resemble that peculiar tap with which

¹ The French government has offered large rewards for any successful remedy, but in vain. There seems no course but to take up and burn the vines, give the soil a winter's fallow, or a different crop, and replant.

French people are said to shorten occasionally the visits of relations whom they do not love, and which goes by the name of *Chasse-cousin*. "*Il provoque des troubles dans les fonctions digestives.*"

The fig-tree, though plain as an English ash, *en déshabille*, is beautiful in its vernal clothing, and very bountiful with its summer fruit. It was brought here by the Romans, who felt so much kindly interest in these fair shores of the Mediterranean that, to avoid mismanagement, they took them from an unappreciative people into their own protection and care, annexing them as a provincia, whence the title Provence, a name associated for ever with romance, and poetry, and song. The wood is of little value—*ficulus inutile lignum*—but it strikes readily, grows rapidly, and bears abundantly; the best figs being profitable to the grower as a dessert dish, the second quality being available as wholesome food for the poorer folk, and the remainder, the "very naughty figs," as they are termed by the prophet, being nutritious, like the refuse of the oranges, *pour les animaux*, should the better sorts of fodder fail.

Æsop relates how a mouse set a lion free, and there is a small plant, the *Scilla Maritima*, which is so devoted to the fig-tree, that, throwing itself at its feet, when the figs are ripe, it produces its blossoms in profusion, and

so attracts the hungry insects which would otherwise destroy the fruit.

Interspersed with the oranges and figs, we have trees of the almond, the peach, nectarine, apricot, mulberry, Japanese medlar, plum, cherry, pear, apple, and quince. The bloom of these fruit-trees, amid the evergreens in March, is a sight to make an old man young. I have seen blossoms on the almond, not pink like our bitter almonds, but white, with roseate centres as large as a crown-piece; and, when these are gone, when, as it is prettily said by a French writer, "*L'Amandier va mourir sous sa tunique blanche*," then the peach flowers are yet more winsome. They who have admired the peach-tree in bloom, upon the trellis under glass, or on the southern wall, may imagine its glory when released from captivity, from wires, and shreds, and nails—a tree in its integrity, symmetry, and strength, with a blossom upon every spur, here smiling amid the orange-trees, green and golden, and there contrasting its warm flush of beauty with the pale flowers of the cherry, or with the deep blue sky, which you see overhead, as you stand beneath its boughs.

After the peach blossoms, the Judas-tree (so called from the tradition, that, when the traitor hanged himself upon it, its flowers changed from white to red), consoles

with an efflorescence almost as charming, of a deeper, but somewhat duller, red.

Admiring or anticipating all this glory, we looked upon the lovely scene with a happiness too full for words. At length the Primate, just raising his hat with a quiet reverence which we knew was real, broke our silence. "*Benedicite omnia opera!*" he said, "what a suggestive sight for a sermon, and of something better than sermons. Of that Psalm, for example, which has been called 'the first chapter of Genesis set to music,' 'the Anthem of Natural Theology' and 'the inspired Oratorio of the Creation'—the 104th, in which is sung His exceeding glory, Who made the heavens, and the earth, and sea, the hills and the valleys, the green herbs, the vine, the olive, and the corn, the cedar and the fir tree, sun and moon, light and darkness."

Two fine young trees of the eucalyptus, on the right as we returned to the hotel, deserve a special notice. First discovered in the land of Van Diemen by a French botanist (so they say here in France¹) towards the close of the last century, it was only known in Europe from

¹ "Le 6 Mai, 1792, le botaniste La Billardière, qui accompagnait l'amiral d'Entrecasteaux dans son voyage à la recherche de la Perouse, reconnut un groupe gigantesque de ces arbres, jusqu'alors inconnus, sur la terre de Van Diemen ou Tasmanie, l'une des grandes îles de la Nouvelle Hollande."—*La Province Maritime* (Lentheric), p. 480.

descriptions, and from a few feeble specimens brought there to die, until, some twenty years ago, a supply of seed was imported from Australia. So successful has been the experiment, so abundant the offspring of this union between seed and soil, that the smooth clear bole of the eucalyptus, in colour grey tinged with pink, with its long glaucous leaves, and its pretty white scented flowers, may now be seen, wherever you go, among the trees of the Riviera. It defies the mistral (denounced by Mr. Dobson as "that beastly minstrel"), making a wonderful growth, and becoming in fourteen or fifteen years a fine timber-tree ; and though it may not attain in France the gigantic size which it reaches in Australia, and although, as it grows older, it becomes less ornamental, it promises to be a very precious and permanent addition to the sylvan treasures of Provence. It is ascertained that the demand for timber in France is annually increasing, and more and more in excess of the supply ; and though Colbert's grim prediction *La France périr à faute de bois*, may be only a clever scare, any tree of a more rapid growth than those now in cultivation, and equally available for useful purposes, must be welcomed as a national gain. It is said to make excellent timber, and to have been preferred for its durability as a railway " sleeper " in some parts of India.

Moreover, in a country like this, in which the forests are almost entirely composed of resinous trees, and are subject, in consequence, to sudden and complete destructions from fire, the introduction of trees far less combustible is of the greatest importance. It is ably argued¹ that if large clumps of eucalyptus were planted at intervals among the pines, so as to check the progress of the flames, and the kindling powers of the blazing cones—which are sometimes projected a hundred yards from the tree on which they grew—such conflagrations as ravaged, in 1864 and 1867, the forests of the Mauges and the Esterel, would be no longer possible.

The eucalyptus, again, when planted by the marsh or the swamp is generally believed to be an antidote to the fevers and agues which prevail in those humid lands. Absorbent and disinfectant also, it is known in certain provinces of Spain as “the tree for fever,” and in parts of Algeria, in the Campagna of Rome, and here by the mouth of the Var, it is reported to have materially reduced the malarious influence which previously existed.

Lastly, the eucalyptus has medicinal uses, not yet fully ascertained, though it has for some time been given as a tonic in England, and is recommended here in the form of lozenges for coughs and colds.

¹ Lenthéric, p. 481.

So that the government of Western Australia has done wisely in placing at the disposal of Baron von Mueller sufficient funds for the publication of forty lithographic plates of the eucalypti, peculiar to that colony, convinced that great profits will accrue from the various products which will be derived from these trees when their value is fully known.¹

"It is a powerful narcotic," said the Primate, when we were talking over our day's experience just before bedtime, and recurred to the eucalyptus, "and I know three cases, in which the leaves, placed in boiling water by the bedside of the restless, have brought them welcome sleep. Thus it possesses all the valuable properties of a very bad sermon. Did you ever hear the story, the true story, of a certain noble lord, whose life was in danger from a continuous want of sleep? His little boy, hearing the anxious discussion how this sleep was to be obtained, inquired immediately, 'Why don't you send for the rector? Papa always goes to sleep when the rector preaches.' By a happy coincidence the ecclesiastic, who had been from home, came that day to visit his noble parishioner, and the chroniclers say that, ere he had finished, in the old familiar tone, the second exhortation in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, an exposition

¹ See the *California Horticulturist* for November, 1879.

of sleep came upon the invalid, and the danger to life was gone. 'Oh, sleep it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole'—let us go where it may be had without eucalyptus."

"But, before we part," said the Posey, "I wish to make a contribution to the standard literature of France. It is entitled

"UNE CHARADE FRANÇAISE.

"Mon premier est l'idole du monde,
Mais un ange du ciel mon second :
Néanmoins, si vous voudrez mon tout,
Vous pouvez l'avoir pour un sou."

"Eureka," I made answer, after a brief cogitation ; "you admired it this morning, yet this evening I saw you skin and eat it."

"O man of mighty intellect," exclaimed the Posey, "O friend of subtle brain, accept your just reward—our authority and permission, herewith freely given to you, your heirs, and your assigns for ever, to wear, carefully concealed about your person, the Legion of Honour and the Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News*. Consider yourself *decoré*, and go to bed."

CHAPTER IV.

OUR "TABLE D'HÔTE."

BEFORE we leave our hotel for Nizza la Bella, as the inhabitants, much more Italian than French, still love to call the fair city of Nice, I would introduce my reader to certain types of character which one meets in the Riviera.

The English aristocracy, in its best phase and its worst; the flower and the weed; the beautiful thoroughbred, perfectly trained, gentle, but "game till he drops," and the vicious animal, who bites at his groom, kicks at his jockey, rears and refuses to start, or takes the bit into his mouth, rushes away, and bolts from the course. The English nobleman, disdaining to be

"Præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis,"

but with a grave appreciation of his duties, and a fixed ambition to fulfil them, making his life a noble chapter

in the history of a noble house; and the English ignobleman, the deserter from a regiment of heroes, far away from a home, desolate and impoverished, wasting his affection upon his mistress, his money upon gamblers cleverer than himself, his strength in the fatal alternations of a wild, feverish excitement, and an exhausted, apathetic sloth.

Happily, the latter are infrequent exceptions to this rule—that abroad, as at home, we may be justly proud of the Upper House. Indeed the danger is that our regard for titled folks may tempt us to exaggerations. There is hardly any one at our *table d'hôte*, who has not "some sort of connection, you know," or some "very old friendship indeed," with a noble family. "Let me see," we hear, "one of the Yorkshire Dopples married a D'Agincourt ages ago;" or "Ah, yes! dear Lady Gwendoline! isn't she quite *too* charming?" I had once the curiosity to inquire from an aristocrat, whether she knew a certain person, who had boasted of a long and close attachment. "I can't say that I know her," was the answer, "but she was staying at the rectory in the winter, and we saw her in church."

A large assortment of squires—some who have kept the fresh, genial manliness which they learned at the public school and university, and have not let their

brains go to rust : who ride straight on, when they see the willows, but enjoy all the more, when the chase is over, good literature, conversation, music—active magistrates, generous landlords, kind masters. Some, on the contrary, who have deteriorated, and have lost the best part of their virility, that is, their manliness of mind. Not having much head to start with, they have turned giddy on the heights of manorial lordship, they have put forth a weak and sickly growth in the hot air of parochial fame. The deep humiliations of the village blacksmith, the reverent salutations of the county police, the gratifying receptions by the master of the workhouse, the compliments of the veterinary surgeon, and the enthusiastic praise of the first whip and the duke's keepers, have led this autocrat of the Hall to regard himself as a hero, and

“ In the impotence of fancied power,
Himself upon himself doth feed.”

It is amusing to watch his angry astonishment when nobody makes obeisant prostrations, nobody laughs at his weakly jokes, nobody quakes or perspires at his anathemas : and it is still more pleasant to hope that, like a spoiled child at a public school, he may benefit from the discipline, and

“ Learn what a noble thing it is,
To suffer, and be strong.”



A great company of preachers, strong and feeble pupils from the different "schools of thought" in the Church, including prizemen and dunces too. Good and bad specimens of High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church, silver and plated, real and sham. The "Ritualist," who calls himself Catholic, in accordance with the Three Creeds, and a priest in accordance with the Prayer Book, earnest, reverent, working as hard on week-day as on Sunday, in church, and school, and study, in sick and poor men's homes; and his sorry counterfeit, whose religion is only a sentiment, who takes his friends to admire his altar (deal, varnished), gaudily vested (with cotton draperies), glowing with cross, candlesticks, and vases (of brass), and tells them how he longs for Matins and Evensong, but does not see his way to them at present; talks to them of the Mass, and the confessional, and those beastly Dissenters; and acquaints them with his intention to give the Bishop a bit of his mind, which really seems very generous, as there is so very little to spare. I saw one of these pseudo-ritualists, upon a certain Friday, when he had fed sparingly at breakfast and *déjeuner*, just finishing his second ice, accompanied by a large *assiette de gâteaux*, plate of rich miscellaneous cakes, at the confectioner's in the afternoon.

Low Churchmen, true and false. The good old Evangelical, loving, and therefore lovable, a faithful, gentle pastor, preaching from the heart and not from books; and the blatant, pugnacious Puritan, now asking you to pass the mustard, and then, whether you are saved; protesting, contesting, detesting; admiring the members of his little clique as "full of unction," and groaning over the rest of creation as laden with iniquity. He regards you with a sweet contempt when he hears that you have not read the precious godly writings of the Reverend Ebal Gong, his beautiful histories of the Good Bargee, of Bull Dog Billy, and the Preaching Sweep.

Broad Churchmen, without a history, and hazy as to a creed, but in their best phase, clever, well-read in general literature, large-hearted, and sincere: in their worst, mistaking indifference for charity, and self-indulgence for liberty. "Is that one of your priests?" said to me a devout Roman Catholic, pointing to a brother of unbounded breadth, who wore a pot-hat, a short-pipe, a black tie, and a cutty-sark, or short jacket, which gave him the appearance of a callow rook, not adorned as yet with his tail-feathers.

Military men—a general, wounded in the head and frost-bitten in the foot, bearing his captivity indoors with

a gentle cheerful patience, even more admirable than his bravery afield. A tall, handsome colonel, upright as when, at the head of his regiment, he saluted in the march past. And yet he also bears a very heavy burden. Sorrow has helped Time to whiten that neat moustache. That beautiful daughter, with the large bright eyes, inherits from her dead mother *la maladie des élus*, consumption; and the grand old soldier will soon be praying in his solitude for the time,

"When with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost a while."

One more sad reminiscence, ere we go into gayer company, of an officer with heart disease, who came, leading a forlorn hope to the Riviera, caught cold, as it was thought, upon the road, and just reached Nice to die. The weather at that time was dull and cloudy, in rare exception to its rule, and he said sadly, as he lay a dying, "Mine has been a vain journey in search of sunshine: you must let it fall upon my grave." And I saw it shining brightly, as he wished, where he lay in our pretty English cemetery, a mile westward of Nice, with the roses blooming around, and the calm, blue glittering waters of the Mediterranean, just seen through the trees, to typify eternal peace and glory.

Returning thence, and as, when the *Dead March* has

been played and the volley fired, the band strikes up a mirthful air, we shall find pleasant companions among our soldier tourists, just "sold out," on leave, or returning, with heliographic tints (let us hope that they are but skin-deep), from India *via* Marseilles.

Au contraire, we shall meet with the shady "warrior" (prematurely) "tired with war's alarms," who has found the service too irksome or too honourable for him; who prefers shooting at pigeons to firing at the Queen's enemies, who seeks the bubble, reputation, among the cannons of a French billiard-table; whose only *casus belli* is a perpetual war with the cook (note the subtle exquisite beauty of this *double entendre*); who cares for no science save that which Montaigne terms "*la science de la gueule*;" who loves Monte Carlo and the club; and who teaches young men the art of playing at cards upon a system which they never forget.

A literary colonel—from his keen insight into character, his admiration of the beautiful, and his descriptive power, writing charming novels, essays, and reviews, and talking as delightfully as he writes—whom I have kept in reserve to head a goodly company of authors, men and women, who have made valuable contributions to English literature (notably a lady who has written impressive biographies of God's heroes), and contrasting, as sunlight

and torchlight, or a natural blush and rouge, with the pernicious rubbish of those modern scribes, who seem to vie with each other in a desire to discover how the Ten Commandments, and especially the Seventh, may be most easily and elegantly transgressed.

Artists in force, professional and amateur. Edward Lear, painter, poet, musician—who has not admired his pictures, laughed over his nonsense verses, and sighed over the pathetic melodies which he has composed for the songs of the Laureate?—shining as a fixed star at San Remo; and planetary stars, varying in splendour, effulgent here and there. And pleasant it is to note the development of that love of art, which emanated in a large measure from the beneficent and accomplished Prince Consort, and still receives precious help and encouragement from institutions, which he designed and established. In the drawing and colouring of many modern amateurs we find an excellent taste and power, signally illustrated, to my own thankful contentment, and, I trust, to my readers' delectation, in the illustrations of this book; although the cases are numerous in which results are feeble, and in which the operator has abused the Horatian privilege,

"Pictoribus atque Poetis,
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."

Certainly they may plead that some of our most illustrious painters have dealt very summarily with objects in a landscape, which did not satisfy their own idea of beauty. A gentleman (who told me the incident) was engaged many years ago in some engineering work with Brunel, and one day, in the midst of some lovely scenery, happened to say to him, "What a view! What a picture Turner would make of it!" "Ah," replied Brunel, "he would, indeed. *You wouldn't know it again!*"

Husbands and wives. The wretched serf, who has married for money, and must listen with a sickly smile when his lady-patroness talks about *her* place in Scotland, *her* gardens and horses, and how, if dear Augustus is *very* good, she thinks she shall take him to Rome.

The happy bridegroom and bride on their wedding tour, supremely silly, addressing each other by the most insane appellations, playing at tremendous quarrels, and making themselves generally ridiculous, but envied by us all, even by the sour old gentleman, who snarls at everything, whose life, like Rousseau's, as described by Byron, seems "one long war with self-sought foes," and who mutters sarcastically, as he surveys the playful pair, the text suggested by a witty canon of

Hereford for a marriage sermon, "Yea, and abundance of peace, so long as *the moon* endureth."

But we none of us loved the sour old gentleman, and two Oxonians, who were gifted with a most extraordinary aptitude for making love and mischief, and whom he had sorely vexed by denouncing their university, now as "a Jesuitical rookery," and anon as "an atheistical sewer," felt themselves constrained to secure his best boots to the floor outside his bedroom with two of the longest screws which I ever saw.

One more memory of these gay collegians. There came to the hotel in which they were staying a great amateur pedestrian, who scaled mountains before breakfast, and took long walks into the interior afterwards, and talked long and loudly at dinner of his locomotive achievements. The Oxonians expressed their conviction that "Blower Brown," as they named him, after one of our public runners, "was a brag and a bore, and it was expedient that he should be bust up." They invited him to a long and difficult promenade beneath the burning sun. They left the hotel, "pride in their port, defiance in their eye," at sunrise. They returned in a limp, jaded condition, sadder and wiser men. They went up as rockets, they came down as sticks. They sat down to dinner; they drank freely of the waters of

St. Galmier, commingled with *eau de vie*; but they refused their food, albeit the Blower, with a full mouth and a twinkling eye, pressed dish after dish upon them. They were livelier next morning, and informed me in confidence that they had been investigating Brown's genealogy, that he was of Dutch extraction, the lineal descendant of the proprietor of the mechanical leg, which he inherited, and used regularly. *Nihilominus*, said one, who had just taken his B.A. degree and was full of Latin, *delenda est Carthago*, the Blower must be blown up.

And Carthage fell. Scipio came opportunely on the scene, to the great joy of the young conspirators, and in the person of an old schoolfellow, a Northern giant, of amazing stamina and stride, whom they introduced to me privately as "the Flying Scotchman, ('surrounding objects rendered invisible by extreme velocity'), *alias* the Caledonian Canal, so called from his abnormal longitude." They invited him to their hotel; they induced him to arrange a two days' walking tour with the Blower; and, to their intense delight, the long Highlander came back alone towards the close of the second day, with the welcome tidings that poor Annibal had caved in about the third hour after the meridian, and was returning from Mentone by rail.

I must only make a few more brief selections from the characters, of infinite variety, performed by these strolling players, commending to managers in quest of new entertainments a movable panorama of *tables d'hôte*, pictorial or in waxwork, to be described, with musical accompaniments, by some clever showman, who loves humour and pathos also. There are old boys, dying their hair black, and old girls, dying their hair yellow,—some of the former reduced to one long single wisp, with which they encircle the bald skull, and which, escaping now and then from its bondage, floats in the breeze like a pennant from a mast, or the shoot of some climbing plant, which has escaped from its nail in the wall. Having one foot in the grave, they persist in pinching it with patent leather, and in exalting it on artificial heels. Padded and painted, they talk nonsense, and worse, through their false teeth, playing Romeo instead of Adam, and Juliet instead of one of the witches,—nothing real about them except their raiment.

"Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms enfold,
And nought of Lyce, but herself, is old."

Then there is the man with his hobby, *l'homme qui enfourche son grand dada*, riding it on the same road, and at the same pace daily, singing the same tune *da*

capo, like a piping bullfinch. The revolutionary measures of Mr. Gladstone, "which are dragging us down, sir, and making us a by-word, sir;" the inestimable benefits of cremation, and the stolid superstitious ignorance of all persons who have no special wish to be charred; the horrors of Ritualism, and the inferiority of French mutton; these are some of the topics of which they seem never weary.

The panorama must include the waiters, because the French *garçon* is, as a rule, far more intelligent, conversational, sympathetic, attentive, and polite, than the English attendant, who regards you only as one tea with 'amaneggs, a pale ale, or a brandy-and-soda, and who feigns deafness when you call to him (all honour to that man, who discovered the process, not to be ignored by the sulkiest of the lot, of tinkling his glass with a fork!), if he has no special hope of a *douceur*. There was Antonio, the paternal, who patronised us all, and put us in our places, and took great care of our invalids. He showed a lively interest in our pallid Primate, and a strong anxiety to improve his appetite. Whispering in his ear, "That is a leetle beet (bit) I commend," he made efforts in legerdemain to render the *morceau* conspicuous, which were almost impracticable, seeing that he had a dish in either hand, which not seldom caused an

exodus of gravy, and were exquisitely comic to witness. "The Doctor," as we called him after his illustrious namesake of Bordighera, had but one infirmity, a perpetual breakage of glass and china; and even that he condoned by an expression of unconscious serenity as he stood among the fragments, which was worthy of the heroine, immortalised in verse, as "mistress of herself, though china fall." One by one, the larger vessels of a handsome breakfast set disappeared from the table, and at last a beautiful milk-jug, "the solitary scion left of a time-honoured house," was absent. "*Il est mort*," said Antonio, raising his eyes, and pointing with his thumb, upward, "*il est tué—le pauvre malheureux!*"

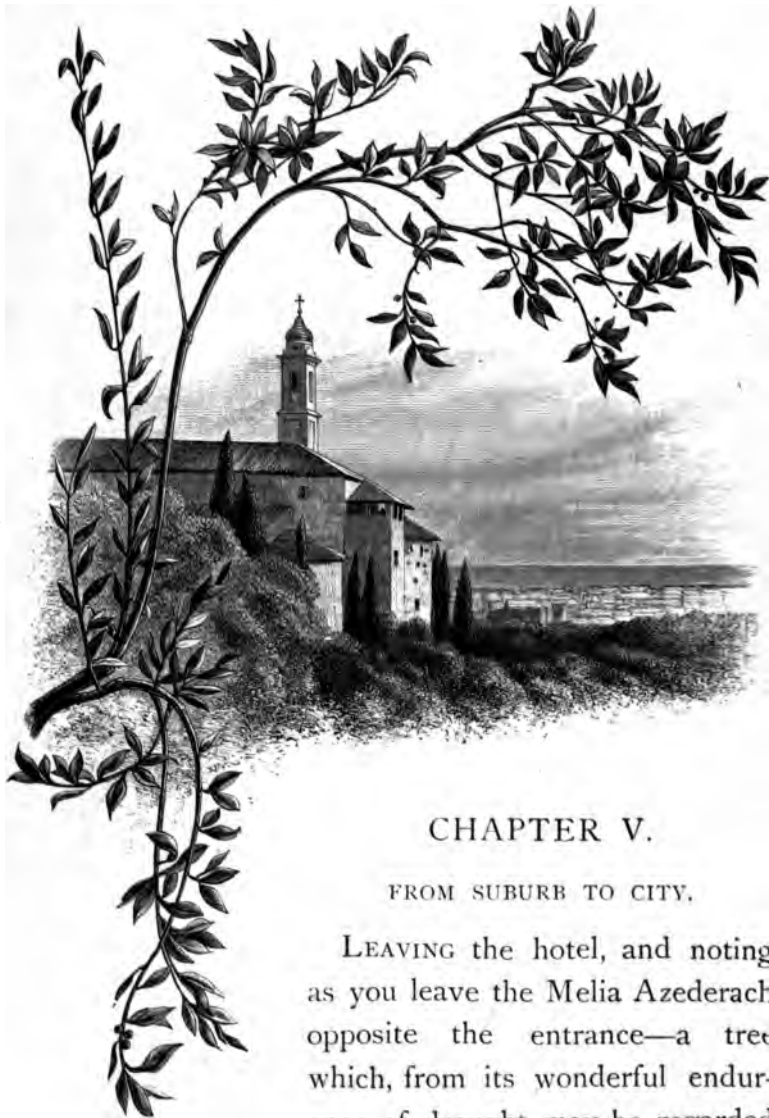
And there was little Jerome, the merry, the ubiquitous,

"Toujours gai, toujours prêt,"

flying with a smile over the *salle à manger*, as though he would have waited on the whole *table d'hôte*—little Jerome, with whom we mourned when he received a telegram, summoning him to the death-bed of his mother at Milan—little Jerome, with whom we could hardly be angry, when we heard of him, a few days afterwards, as thoroughly enjoying the carnival at Nice, the moribund mamma being only a pretext, whereby he might effect his departure.

And Eugène the sorrowful, as well he might be, the son of a prosperous hotel-keeper at Strasburg, his father ruined by the siege, his poor mother killed, as she came from the market, by a shell, and he himself cleaning paraffin lamps !

Let us leave them, for the fresh air, and Nice !



CHAPTER V.

FROM SUBURB TO CITY.

LEAVING the hotel, and noting as you leave the Melia Azederach opposite the entrance—a tree which, from its wonderful endurance of drought may be regarded

as the Fire King of the Forest, and which has won for itself the title of the pride of India—descending the hill through the great avenue of cypress, so pleasant in the mid-day heat, so very unpleasant in the midnight gloom, when fancies frighten, and the lean dogs growl,¹ you come to the convent of S. Barthélémi (learning, perhaps for the first time, as we did, that the term *Couvent* is equally appropriate to the house of the monk or the nun), and you see the Brothers of Saint Francis of Assisi—the favourite among monastic saints—in their brown tunics and hoods, *capuchons*, hence the term Capuchin friar, with girdles of cord about their loins, *Cordeliers*, bareheaded, or wearing the small black skull-cap, barefooted, or with sandalled shoe. They are distributing food, talking kindly to the poor at their gates, working in their garden, or, having changed their dingy robes for the beautiful garments of the priesthood, they are singing mass in the church. Some are engaged in meditation and prayer within, some are away with the sick and dying, and in widows' and orphans' homes.

Whatever we may think of the monastic system, however forgetful we may be of the benefits which it

¹ Dogs, of all denominations, abound at Nice. In the summer numbers of erratic curs are caught with a lasso, taken to a large cage, and, if not claimed, and redeemed at a cost of ten francs, are poisoned.

has conferred upon religion, literature, horticulture, and all the arts; though we may heartily agree with the grand, gruff Doctor Johnson, when he said to the



MONASTERY OF ST. BARTHÉLÉMI.

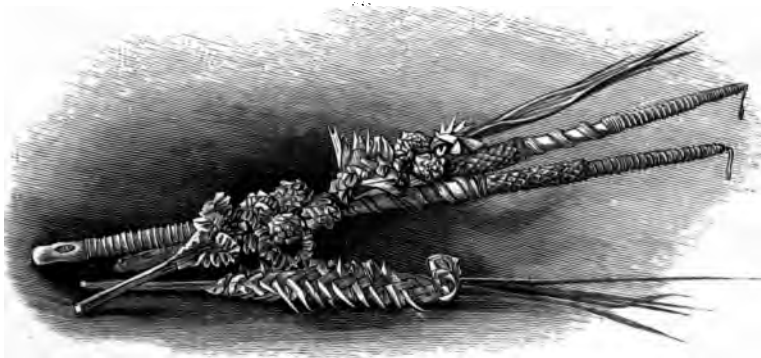
“Le Monastère constitua pendant plusieurs siècles une société indépendante, fortement disciplinée, dépositaire des richesses intellectuelles comme des vérités éternelles, refuge et consolation de tous, interposée entre les maîtres au monde et les peuples soumis, servant toujours de lieu entre eux, et finissant par les dominer tous par l’ascension de la vertu, de l’intelligence, et de la foi.”—GUIZOT, *Histoire de la Civilisation en France*.

abbess, "Madam, you are here, not so much from the love of virtue as from the fear of vice," and may be fully persuaded that the bravest, noblest, life of all is to be in the world, but not of it; it would be unjust to withhold our admiration from the simple, prayerful, practical goodness of these devoted men. They are not theological scholars, and instead of being mighty, they are deplorably weak, in the Scriptures. So sadly ignorant, that one of the brotherhood, arguing with a friend of mine about the supremacy of Saint Peter, and being reminded that Saint James held precedence at the First Council at Jerusalem, promptly replied, "Ah yes, but that took place before Saint Peter received his full and final authority." And another, in preaching upon the imprisonment of this same saint, recorded in the twelfth chapter of the Acts, put the question to his hearers, And where was this prison?—then gravely and emphatically answered it, "It was the Mamertine Prison at Rome."¹

Nevertheless, they are true sons of consolation—I may mention, in evidence, a testimonial from the

¹ Accuracy, scriptural or historical, is not scrupulously studied by the Italian preacher. In 1847, Ventura told his audience that our king, Henry VIII., "author of the English schism," decapitated eighteen wives; and shortly afterwards this same preacher took a text from the "third chapter of Malachi," which was not to be found in the Vulgate, nor in any other version.

Mayor and inhabitants of Nice, which I saw in their library, thanking them for their courageous and untiring love to the afflicted, during a terrible visitation of cholera—and preferring to make them our almoners rather than to run the risk of imposition from a multitude of suspicious mendicants, we were soon upon kindly terms. Receiving an invitation to inspect the Monastery, we made a presentation to the Guardiano of an Italian translation of our Book of Common Prayer, that he might be enlightened as to our doctrine and discipline, of which all Romans are purposely kept in profound ignorance, and were somewhat discouraged by the effect produced, an inquiry whether the book in question “was my own composition?” They gave us Candles on Candlemas Day, and Palm Branches on Palm



Sunday, and good Italian in exchange for our bad

French. One old gentleman frequently offered me his snuff-box, sometimes extending his hospitality to a lady who was with me, the contrasts of dress, and form, and feature being exquisitely grotesque and quaint. Once, I remember, he had some difficulty in discovering among the folds of his habit the special cavity in which he kept—

“The pungent grains of titillating dust,”

and he remarked, with a smile, during his search, “*Ah, vraiment, beaucoup de poches, mais point d’argent !*”

These Franciscans received the land on which their buildings stand from their neighbours the Benedictines of St. Pons (Pontius, an early Roman Martyr), who have a monastery just out of Nice, eastward, and to whom by an ancient compact they pay a somewhat singular ground-rent, taking to them every year, on the anniversary of their installation at St. Barthélémi, two barrels of water, and bringing them back filled with wine.

“At last,” exclaimed the Posey, when he heard this arrangement, “we have a solution of the great Irish difficulty! At last, after centuries of futile legislation, murder, and starvation, we are told by these simple monks of a principle of payment, which, I verily believe, with some modifications, might satisfy the Home Rulers, and the people for whom they plead with such a sweet

and patient wisdom. Yes, gentlemen, it is my solemn conviction that, by such a covenant as this, whisky, of course, being substituted for wine, and the barrels charged upon the landlords, you may change the tenantry of Ireland, turbulent and seditious, into a loyal and united people."

"*Et après,*" mildly suggested the Primate, "as concerns the landed proprietors?"

"Landed proprietors!" replied the Posey, striking an attitude with his right hand raised aloft, and his left placed upon its adjoining hip, "think ye that the pasture fields of Erin would pale their emerald glow, think ye that one single potato would lose its mealy tone, were all those landed proprietors sleeping below them, instead of clamouring greedily for their rents above?"

" 'Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
Gold for the tenants, for the landlords, lead!'

Rise up, ye sons of the kings, in your righteous anger, and strike——"

But here one of the sons of Franciscus rose up in the belfry, and commenced a performance with two sticks upon the big bell (as the fashion is in these parts, and in Italy, upon certain special occasions), which somewhat resembled the first efforts of a boy

upon his jew's-harp, not quite amounting to a tune, but sufficient, as to time, rapidity, and liveliness, for an accompaniment to a sailor's hornpipe, Scotch reel, or Irish shuffle. Very precious would this jangle be, could it be introduced as an addition to that clanging of pans and pokers which is supposed to assist the swarming of bees, or to bring shame to that cruel husband who has been beating his wife, and whom the angry villagers "rang-tang," as he lies abed; but how it conduces to the interests of religion in general, or of the monastic orders in particular, we heretics cannot know, and I doubt whether the editor of *Church Bells* himself can give us the explanation.

We fled to the village of St. Barthélémi close by, but not to silence, for it was a fête-day when we paid our first visit, and an ambitious musician was attempting to produce the effect of an orchestra, having a row of bells upon his head, Pandæan pipes at his lips, turning an organ with one hand, beating a drum with the other, clanging cymbals fastened within his knees, and occasionally dancing with his legs. Now and then, relinquishing his reeds and his parchment, he took a cornopean in his drum hand, and anon produced a banjo, and sang a merry song. He was not the man whom you would have chosen for a companion on a summer's day in a

hansom ; he was only abluted by those drenching rains which sometimes caught him shelterless ; but he had more wit and more music in him than ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who sneered at him, and never gave him a *sou*. I saw him once again, carrying his load of instruments up a hill in the noontide heat, and I bought from him for fifty centimes (5*d.*) one of the largest, pleasantest grins I ever saw in my life.

Half a dozen stalls were covered with the rings of sweet bread, the *gâteaux bénis*,[†] which you see at every festal fair, and which, with a few religious pictures and cheap crucifixes, form the staple materials of commerce.

The entertainments consisted of a long tubular shooting gallery, in which young France avenged the catastrophies of Sedan by shooting down regiments of Prussian soldiers, set up at the further extremity in tin ; or, glutted with carnage, and substituting a stuffed blackbird for the German army, betook itself to the milder excitements of the *chasse au fusil*.

[†] The following is the form of blessing bread and cakes which is used in the Roman Church :—

“ Benedictio Panis et Placentarum.

“ Domine Jesu Christe, panis Angelorum, panis vivus et æternæ vitæ, bene
✠ dicere dignare panem istum, sicut benedixisti quinque panes in deserto ;
ut omnes, ex eo digne gustantes, inde corporis et animæ desiderabilem
percipiant sanitatem. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.”

An exhibition of mechanical waxwork was composed mainly of a large figure of King David in his royal robes (Turkey red, from Manchester), playing upon his harp. The effect of the two eyes, about the size of ducks' eggs, each revolving on its own axis, would have been more solemn if the pupils had emerged from the pericranium at the same period of time; but this they never did. And malicious critics might have carped at the fact that the hands, which made throughout the performance convulsive clutches at the strings, were never less than four inches from them; though this aberration was really of no importance, the whole instrument being composed of gilt wood, and the music proceeding from a box safely located in the stomach of the psalmist, and wound up at intervals through a hole in his spine.

But the special attraction of the fair was the

“INSTALLATION DES BELLES FRANÇAISES;”

of *Blanche*, who, the showman—I beg his pardon, “*Monsieur le Directeur des Salons de l'Exhibition*”—informed us was the “*le plus joli Bijou de l'Univers*,” twenty-five inches in height, and weighing 11b. per inch; of *Gabrielle Désse de l'Époque*—

“*Car sitôt qu'on la voit, on sent bien qu'on l'adore,
Et même l'a-t-on vue, on veut la voir encore;*”

and of *Laure*, weighing 40 stones, "*très beau modèle, dont les amateurs* (lovers of fat?) *seront ravis.*"

We entered La Salle d'Installation, a combination of caravan and canvas, and sat down *vis-à-vis* to the three graces. The Bijou of the Universe was an ugly, conceited abortion, with a protrusive underlip, which shouted for the battle. The Goddess of the Epoch was about as good-looking as the ordinary English under-nursemaid. The Beautiful Model had the exquisite proportions of a gasometer or a pork-pie; and never shall I forget the face of our beloved Primate, when, drawing up her lower raiment, and exhibiting a leg, which, in its crimson stocking, looked very like a pillar post, she said, "*Maintenant, Mesdames et Messieurs, si vous voulez vous approcher, je vous monterai mon gros mollet. Vous voyez comme je suis bien faite,*" &c., &c., &c.

Then each of the trio produced a small tin plate, intended to be the receptacle of our admiration in specie; and the Goddess of the Epoch informed us that the beauty of France depended for its daily food upon the generosity of visitors. We left in disbelief and disgust. Nevertheless, the Squire was reproved by the Prelate when he remarked, "that if Madame Laure were his, he should melt her down for candles."

Passing on through the village, and by a butcher's shop, which was elegantly decorated with a skinned sheep, stretched, as in full gallop, over its portals, the legs resting fore and aft upon calves' heads of solemn aspect, and which announced itself in gay colours as "*Boucherie de St. Barthélémi*," we were reminded how Meyerbeer, strolling out of Nice, and asking the name of this suburb, here first conceived the idea of *Les Huguenots*; and how the sarcastic critic has thereupon remarked, "*l'est-ce drôle! les Protestants et les Catholiques se tuent, et c'est le Juif (Meyerbeer) qui fait la musique!*"

Hence into that beautiful boulevard, more than a mile in length, the *Avenue de la Gare*, which leads to Nice. Well might Xerxes crown the plane with a golden circlet, for indeed that gracious tree is a royal benefactor amid the hot haunts of men,¹ even though it makes a cool retreat for the ill-favoured scamp, who, spying us afar off, comes waving a piece of red drapery, which he has attached to the stump of an amputated

¹ "The best of all trees for European cities is the western plane (*Platanus occidentalis*). It may be seen in many places, from the heart of the city of London to the shores of the lakes of Northern Italy; in the towns of cold, central France; in the numerous new boulevards of Paris; under a scorching sun in Naples; and in many other places, thousands of miles from its native home in North America; and everywhere it is by far the noblest city tree."—ROBINSON'S *Parks and Gardens of Paris*.

arm, round and round in the air, and exciting all the rage of the (John) Bull within us. Upon my impulsive friend the Squire, he exercised, as time went on, an almost maddening influence. "I believe," he said, "that he has an arm, intact, within his dress, and the wagging apparatus is all a sham; but one can't kick him because he seems to be a cripple, and because one feels sure that he would resent the indignity by an unsportsmanlike use of his knife."

Further on, another mendicant—mendicancy being strictly forbidden at Nice—exhibits on his lap, as he sits on the ground, a picture of the catastrophe, caused by a premature explosion of gunpowder in the operation of blasting, by which he lost his sight. It is marvellous that he escaped with his life, seeing that some of his collaborateurs, according to the picture, are blown up about a mile into the air, and others have come back, after "swishing among the constellations," like Alder's poultry, in a most disconnected condition.

I will add but one of many other cases which did not seem to fulfil all the requirements of the Society for the Organisation of Charity in London, that of a poor mother, sadly pulled down by the sustentation, in her arms and elsewhere, of two babies. "Ah," said to me a French gentleman living in the neighbourhood

of her "beat," "*elle est une mère étonnante !*" Three times in the season she shall have the twins !"[†]

But the curtain falls upon this beggars' opera, as, passing under the viaduct of the railway, which gives the name to the avenue, and by the Bureau of the Octroi (which we subsequently enriched to the amount of one farthing, ten centimes being the duty upon a bottle of Medoc, openly and manfully "declared" by us as forming part of a picnic lunch), you come into a wide street of shops. These gradually become larger and dearer as you approach the haunts of the *beau monde*, so that the cutting of the hair, which is modestly and gratefully performed for half a franc near the viaduct, costs you thrice that sum in the Quai de St. Jean Baptiste. You may pay too dearly, as it seems to me, for the elegant young man and the mirrors, especially when you remark, as I did, a reflection of the one in the other, grinning at your bad French.

In most of these shops the privilege will be offered to you, as being evidently a generous Briton, of paying considerably higher prices than the meaner nations of the world; and should you be indifferent as to the

[†] This prolific lady reminds me of a remark made by one beast-jobber to another, in our midland shires—"That prize cow o' yours seems a pratty good un at calves! I've know'd yer sell nine on 'em, up and down the country, this fall, wi' pedigrees as long as sarmin's."

compliment, you must dismiss all scruples, and make a bargain.¹ When the vendor tells you that he is ruining himself "to oblige monsieur," and looks as though, on your leaving the house, he proposed to kindle the charcoal stove, and to suffocate himself with his wife and family, you may conclude that he has not realised more than fifty per cent. of profit.

All kinds of merchandise are exposed for the delectation of those who love to gaze (to "gorp," in our Nottinghamshire parlance), as I do, at the windows of the shops. There are old curiosity shops, with grand cabinets, carved and inlaid, exhibiting those dear little drawers and doors which one opens ever with a child's delight; and the secret spring, which one still touches, hoping against hope to see bank-notes, or souvenirs of love. There, too, are pictures by the old masters, some of which must have been painted when the masters were very old indeed; triptychs with wry-necked saints, rusty swords, cracked china, and other mellow gems of art. There is an abundant display, more authentic at all events, of modern paintings, engravings, and photographs. There are jewellers, *modistes*, dealers in everything useful or ornamental, supplies for all our

¹ "A stranger must conduct himself with the utmost circumspection to be able to live among these people without being the dupe of imposition."—*Smollett*.

necessities, and temptations for all our tastes. Among novelties, the *Flanelle Végétale*—flannel with a fibrous mixture from the pine, *the* remedy for all diseases, and the best of bosom friends; the *Cocos Illustrés*—heads of the swarthy savage, made from cocoa-nuts, the eyes, nose, and mouth burnt in with a little clever colouring, and much resembling those dark heroes whom one meets on entering the Crystal Palace,

Some of the pictorial advertisements were original and quaint, *e.g.*, on a blank wall, and large as life, four children surrounding their mother with the actions and looks of exuberant joy as she opens a large case of *Tapioca pour les Bébés*; and, not far from this, in the window of a chiropodist, the photograph of a lady, sitting opposite the operator, with her foot on his knee, and thoroughly enjoying the extraction of a corn. The latter would have made an admirable companion picture to one which I saw afterwards in the narrow street of an old Italian town, and which represented a dentist offering an immense tooth to his astonished client, who regards it with an incredulous and bewildered look, though he must have read the notice outside that “teeth were extracted without pain,” and must have been conscious of a cavity in his gums about two inches square.

Returning to the *Avenue de la Gare*, I blushed, as a gardener, to find there one of those floral impostors who have visited us in England, being, it is said, of American origin, and who endeavour to sell any common plants and roots they can procure as "splendid novelties of extraordinary merit." This particular knave of spades had some coloured prints of roses, with white centres, surrounded by petals of a lavender hue, and with yellow petals, edged with crimson, like a picotee—impossibilities which would have amused, had they not been meant to defraud. And over a wretched little strawberry-plant in a pot, he had the descriptive announcement:—" *Frais-diers de Jerusalem, de la grosseur d'un œuf de poule remontants.*" He ought to be pelted out of Nice with *les œufs de poule couvis*, and I felt refreshed when the Posey told him so, though he could not, or would not, understand his French.

More refreshing still, to turn from humbug to reality, and from rogues to honest men, to gladden eye and nose with the fresh, sweet, smiling posies (bouquets, if you wish, but I love the dear old English word), of the true *Fleuriste*, with the violets, and roses, and camellias, which seem never to fail in the sunny gardens of Nice.

For it is the sun, after all, which is here the chief article of commerce, as it has been well remarked by a

native writer, "*La principale industrie des habitants de Nice consiste à vendre le plus chèrement possible leur splendide soleil aux riches étrangers ;*" and they who can sell at high prices a commodity which costs them nothing and is delivered carriage free, should be the richest merchants in the world. It is written, in the records of Sherwood Forest, that upon the reconciliation of two rival besom merchants, it was found, as they confided their experiences to each other, that although the one stole all his material the other was able to undersell him in the market, because he stole his besoms ready made ; but these tradesmen of Nice have not so much as the risk or trouble of stealing. The same sun which brings the foreigner, the Englishman, the American, the Russian, the German to their doors, fills warehouse and shop with the productions which educe his gold—not only with the wines which, if not very choice or generous, are pleasant and wholesome, "*vins clairs, agréables à boire, moins forts et moins nuisibles à la sante,*" not only with 200,000 gallons of oil (in a genial season), but with the flowers and fruits, and wood for marqueterie, which are such special sources of profit to the numerous vendors at Nice. Who can resist those sweet buds of safrano in November, or of cloth-of-gold in April ? They meet you everywhere, until you say, "I must" ;

and yet, when Alphonse Karr, now living at St. Raphael,¹ came to Nice, some forty years since, there were only wild flowers to be had, and if a Niçois wanted a bouquet he sent to Genoa.

Who can gaze unmoved on those boxes of preserved fruits, oranges, citrons, peaches, apricots, Japanese medlars, plums, and cherries, without a sigh, as he reads the extravagant prices affixed, which are only for the very rich, and which constrain *les autres* to solace themselves with an ice at Eschoffier's, or a *chocolat à la crème* at Rumpelmayer's. These candied and costly delights are charged so much "delivered at Berlin, St. Petersburg, London, New York, &c." ; and there is something quaint in the idea of France sending sweetmeats to Prussia, to those who know that she is hoarding her resources, and drilling her armies, that she may present, not *bonbons*, but bombs and balls, to her German enemy.

And in every street we have abundant proof that the olive, "*arbor omnium arborum prima*," supplies things pleasant to the eye as well as good for food. Not only does this gracious tree beautify and sanctify with the most sacred associations the country in which it grows,

¹ Here, where the first Napoleon landed on his return from Egypt in 1799, and sailed for Elba in 1814, the grand old gardener and charming writer has made his quiet home.

not only does it supply a valuable adjunct to the tables of rich and poor, and bring warmth and light to their dwellings, but it is a source of comfortable income to many an industrious workman, tasteful designer, and prosperous tradesman at Nice. Countless varieties of articles, ornamental and useful, are produced from its bright, smooth, yellow wood, in which other woods, coloured naturally or artificially, are inserted, with an admirable imitation of bipeds and quadrupeds, men, women, and children, beasts, birds, fishes, trees, houses, fruits, and flowers. In this pretty display of *bois mosaïque* there is something which suits the fancy and the finances of all, from the elaborate davenport at 3,000 francs, the costly cabinets and tables, to the *mille petits meubles d'utilité ou de futilité*, the card-cases, paper-knives, &c., which you may buy for a couple of francs, including the puzzle match-box, which I bought and could not open in the dark, when I wanted a light that I might kill a mosquito. The favoured device is a swallow on the wing, with the super- or supra-scription, "*Je reviendrai*," to be sent, I presume, as a souvenir and a solace to those friends in England who are supposed to be wasting away in our absence, and to be looking out from moated granges and from stormy cliffs in fond expectation of our return.

The *Avenue de la Gare* leads into the pleasant square, with houses on three sides, the river Paillon on the fourth, and with the chief station of the convenient tramway cars in the centre, which is named after the great soldier who was born in Nice, *Place Massena*. The Niçois may well be proud of him; the son of poor parents, fourteen years in the ranks before he became a sergeant, and finally Prince of Essling, Duke of Rivoli, and Marshal of France. "The most famous of her marshals," Disraeli tells us in *Coningsby*, not forgetting to add that, like many other heroes, he was a Hebrew, and his real name Manasseh. Jew or Gentile, all France echoed the title, which his chief, the first Napoleon, gave him, of "*l'enfant chéri de la victoire, le brave Massena*"; and when Fortune turned her wheel, we know with what consummate skill he effected his retreat, though we may not read without a small smile of incredulity the French account of it: "*s'il bat en retraite c'est plutôt en vainqueur qu'en vaincu; Welington (sic) ne le poursuit qu'avec crainte et lenteur.*"¹

¹ This imaginary failure in pursuit reminds me of a real incident. On my way to call upon Charles Dickens, I met with a gentleman, one of the staff of the *Times*, who showed me an extract from the third edition of that morning's paper, announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. Dickens received the sad news with a grave sympathy, but when I mentioned that the assassin was not apprehended at once, because they who

Taking the western side of the square, and passing the shop at the corner, in which you may purchase those two monopolies of the French Government, tobacco and postage stamps, you come to one of the most attractive sights in the city—the long curved line of trees, beginning with the grand Eucalyptus, which has attained in some fifteen or sixteen years the dimensions of a forest tree, and continued with an alternation of palms and oleanders¹ up to the *Quai du Midi*. Of all the trees which we admire in the Riviera, these stately, graceful palms, producing their dates in abundance, though they are rarely, if ever, fully ripened, are the most ornamental ; but we must diverge from them now, for sweet music attracts us, to pass along the *Quai de Massena*, with its tempting stores, by Galignani's Library, where you will find the latest telegrams, prompt attention to your literary wants, whether expressed in French or English, and a comfortable, well-furnished reading-room² by the *Rue Paradis*, to which I

followed him out of the theatre took a wrong turn at the door, then the sunny smile of his humour expelled the cloud from his face, as he said, " Ah yes ; if the person pursued runs to the right, and the pursuers run to the left, the difficulties of capture are materially enhanced ! "

¹ The French prettily describe the oleander as "*Laurier, toujours vert, qui porte les fleurs de la rose.*"

² Visconti also has an excellent *Établissement Littéraire* in the Rue du Cours, with a spacious newsroom, opening into a garden.

have referred as the birthplace of the first native oranges, and so, arriving at the *Jardin Publique*, from whence that music comes. Here the Band Militaire and the Band Municipale play alternately every day, except Monday, from two to four P.M., and here a very mixed multitude of visitors and citizens, nobility and merchants, industrious workpeople and idle knaves, sit or saunter. The swell smokes his cigarette under the trees, and reads *Le Monde Éléphant*, of which he deems himself a guiding star ; but it is more pleasant to see the bourgeois and ouvrier thoroughly enjoying the music. Might not some such refreshment be provided for our own folks, weather permitting ? Might not they who enjoy their dry champagne, and cabanas, and clubs, and sports, think a little more of the amusements of those who, *faut de mieux*, are boosing in noisome taps, backing horses, which will not be allowed to win, fighting their dogs, or swearing at their wives ?

That Englishmen can do great deeds, if they please, we have ample evidence, as, leaving the *Jardin Publique*, and turning to the right, we enter the *Promenade des Anglais*, so called because they first perceived the capabilities of this admirable site, and noting, at the same time, a large number of men without employment at Nice, they placed the two in

combination, and began to make the broad roadway, and to build the grand hotels and stately houses which look over their fair gardens upon the bluest of all the seas.¹

Cross over to the footway, which goes along the beach, and when you have strolled by its long line of trees, the palm, the oleander, the pittosporum (so called from the resinous pulp on its seeds, and so beautiful in Spring with its glossy foliage and its fragrant bridal flowers), the tamarisk, one of the loveliest of all flowering shrubs, when its long, graceful, feathery branches are suffused with silvery rose, take a seat (oh, when shall *we* be privileged to sit down in our own parks and gardens, without paying for a chair?), and enjoy the prospect—the Mediterranean, with the usual steamer in the offing, and the ubiquitous English yacht in front, the promontory of Antibes to the west, with the mountains of the Esterel beyond, and to the east the Château, Mont Boron, and St. Jean.

¹ That modern Nice owes her prosperity and ornamentation mainly to her English visitors is acknowledged by all. "*Les étrangers, et surtout les Anglais, donnaient l'impulsion à ces embellissements. Ils commençaient à rechercher le séjour de Nice, dont Amiral Matthews et Sir Bink (!) leur avaient montré le chemin.*"—LUBRANSKI. They have been the builders, in fact, of the beautiful city which has sprung up since Smollett wrote (in 1763), "The town of Nice is wedged between a steep rock to the eastward and the river Paglion, which washes the walls to the west."

But what ails my beloved Squire? He is restless, and the landscape and the seascape are alike powerless to please. He turns from them, and with a flushed countenance, and with mingled utterances of astonishment, indignation, and wrath, surveys the moving scene upon the road. In vain I plead, "*Soyez sage, mon écuyer; restez tranquille, mon bouquet charmant;*" his excitement increases, as he, one of the best whips and horsemen of his day, beholds, for the first time, how certain foreigners drive and ride. A stout lady, with a pair of cobs to match, goes by, clutching a rein in each hand, her teeth firmly set, while a grim groom from the rumble behind cracks loudly a huge whip, nearly as long as that which the king in *Fortunio* applies to the conceited courtier who, just before the race between the Princess and Lightfoot, saunters up the course in a state of supreme self-importance, and in a most tempting costume of tight pantaloons. Then a four (anything but) in hand, with the horses and grooms all over the place, and the youthful owner about as competent to steer a team as Phaeton to drive the sun, feebly simpering on the box above. Then another dame, in demi-evening costume, with very little on her head, or in it, with short sleeves, and long gloves having each a score of buttons, glittering

and jingling with all kinds of "jewels, gauds, conceits," *les fanfreluches de la coquetterie*.

And then, oh then—and now it required all the efforts, physical and mental, of the Primate and myself to calm the emotions and rationalize the ebullitions of our friend—on came the cavalcade, the chariot and horsemen all splendid and brave, of the Marquis Gigot de Mouton (the name is fiction, but the rest is fact), the postilions and outriders in sky-blue velvet, with white curly wigs under their cocked hats, and having their faces powdered, rouged, and adorned with beauty-patches, *à la Louis XIV.*

Intermixed with these attempts at magnificence, the dingy *voiture de place*, or *fiacre*, moved slowly on, with a draggled feather from the pheasant, or a drooping flower of the Pampas grass, fastened on the ears of the sorry steed, or a toy-balloon bobbing up between them; or (and this seemed to lash our Squire to frenzy), the brush of gallant reynard, dangling below.

Not only the equipage, but the equestrians also sorely exercised and perturbed him—the sporting Frenchman on his "high steppère," with his legs in the form of an inverted V, and the stirrups at the ends of his toes; the foreign lady, who seems to have fallen from some upper storey in a confused heap upon her

horse ; and the foreign groom in jack-boots, "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," with his mistress's sunshade stuck into one of them, and her shawl and fan in the other !

Surveying these grotesque performers, and with them a large number of "ossy" individuals, who ride well, so far as adhesion and manipulation are concerned, but never look like gentlemen,

"O'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced ;"

and though he was occasionally refreshed by the sight of a carriage from Long Acre, with Yorkshire horses, and servants as neat and clean as only soap and London clothes can make them, ("such a contrast," he said, "to those dirty brigands, the foreign *cochers*, with their black moustaches") ; though sometimes he was gladdened by a far more attractive spectacle—the English girl, graceful in her happy ease, and seemingly oblivious of the glossy thorough-bred, of which, none the less, she was so proud and fond ; and though, now and then, he recognised a young fellow-countryman, who, like himself, had mounted a rocking-horse as soon as his little legs could bestride it, had been thence transferred to a donkey, promoted to a pony, raised to a

cob, and finally, when elevated to a hunter, had "witched the world with noble horsemanship," he could not, despite these consolations, regain his equanimity until we gently transferred him to other scenes.

Returning to the *Place Massena*, we hired a carriage, drawn by one of those Corsican horses which a French writer truly describes as *chevaux petits, mais d'une ardeur étonnante, et d'une grande sobriété*, and crossing a bridge over the Paillon¹ (see *opposite page*), drove on to the castle hill—or rather to the hill without the castle; for like the Irishman, of whom his friend said, "Alas, poor Patrick! we must call him Pat now, for they've burnt his rick," the rock remains, but the fortifications so often assailed by the various nations²

¹ As one looks at the narrow stream, which trickles slowly through the broad bed of boulders, and is hardly sufficient for the *blanchisseuses*, who are busy at their work, it is difficult to realise the scene when overflowing torrents have swept away houses on the banks. Very recently a sudden rush of water, consequent upon some heavy thunderstorms in the mountains, when there had been no rain at Nice, drowned two of the washerwomen, before they could reach the stairs which lead up the stone embankments.

² It is sad to read how this fair land has been ravaged and pillaged from the earliest records of history, until, in the eighteenth century, "Les Allemands ravageaient avec un implacable acharnement le pays occupé. 'Vous avez raison,' répondaient ils brutalement aux députés des États, 'mais nous avons pour nous le droit du canon, et nous voulons du vin, de l'argent, et un couvent de religieuses à discretion.'"—*Histoire du Siège de Toulon*. Paris, 1707.



A BRIDGE OVER THE PAILLON.

who took a fancy to Nice, were finally razed by the Duc de Berwick, in the reign of Louis XIV., and in the year 1706.

Again and again there has been hard fighting where we strolled peacefully, admiring the cactus and the agave, on this tree-clad hill. Here, perhaps, that great victory was won which gave, as some think, the name of *Níkη* to Nice. Here the progenitors of Massena and Garibaldi drove back the impudent invader; and not only the forefathers but the foremothers too, for here also, as tradition tells, the brave Catherine Segurane, in a terrible crisis, when the allied armies of the French and Turks had all but gained possession of the fort, seizing a hatchet, decapitated the standard-bearer of the enemy, and laid about her generally with such good success that the whole Ottoman army fled in confusion, like the medical students at Bob Sawyer's party when Mrs. Radley appeared on the stairs. The view from the summit, as we enjoyed it, on a day

"So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven,"

was a true happiness; and an old man in semi-military costume, to whom we surrendered on the spot, soon gave us enlarged and accurate ideas as to the topography of the city and its surroundings. He showed us the

homes of the heroes whom I have just named ; the street *de la Segurana* ; that in which Smollet lived, and which still bears his name ; the house in which Paganini died, &c. ; but with a special pride and earnestness—not having read, or not believing, recent revelations—he said, pointing over the sea, “There, sometimes, just before sunrise, it is possible for messieurs to see Corsica,



CORSICA, FROM THE VILLA ARSON.

where the great Napoleon was born.” Messieurs did afterwards see it ; but meanwhile, descending to the Place Garibaldi, they returned by the tram to St. Barthélèmi, and thence to their hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

CONS AND PROS. NATIVES AND VISITORS.

SEVERAL of the more robust mosquitoes postponed their exodus to winter quarters, that they might welcome us on our arrival, and speedily explained to us the *raison d'être* of the muslin curtains which surrounded our beds. These outworks were generally efficacious ; and then we first heard a distant buzzing, as though some tiny threshing-machine was hard at work on a Liliputian farm beyond, and the sound grew louder as the foe drew near, and his war-cry the more fierce when he could not penetrate our fortifications, and could only gaze, like some hungry schoolboy, when, through the window of the pastrycook, around he casts his greedy eyes upon the tartlets and the pies, or, like some furious and famished bluebottle, when he hurls himself against the wires of the safe. But there were times in which

the invader entered the citadel, and then there was a fierce, triumphant boom—

“He, hi, ho, hum—
I smell the blood of an Englishman,”

and, with a sudden swoop, he came down and tasted it, painfully reminding us of Alphonse Karr's inquiry, “Are you so weary of your own flies at home that you must travel 1,000 miles to be stung by musquitoes?”

There are sleepers whom they pass unnoticed, as not possessing a palatable flavour, and of two persons who have occupied the same dormitory, you may see the one intact, and the other richly embossed and lavishly jewelled; but they are not, as a rule, fastidious. “*Le fleau de nous tous*,” writes a native of Nice, “*surtout des nouveaux arrivants, le moustique, le cousin* (a cousin whom one would wish to be once (for all) removed, instead of such a very near blood-relation), *dont les piqures ne sont pas dangereuses, mais tres douloureuses et desagréables*.”¹

¹ We had an alarm one day in our hotel from an insect much more formidable than a mosquito. Mr. G——, one of the most agreeable of our many agreeable guests, picked up a hornet in the garden, apparently dead, and, having exhibited it at the *table d'hôte*, put it in his pocket. Next morning it was not to be found. The heat, it was evident, had restored its vitality, and a nervous lady expressed her apprehensions that we should all be stung to death. Happily Mr. G—— was able to tranquilise her fears during the day by the discovery of the dead hornet—in his pipe!

The best remedy is to "catch and kill," but if you are not disposed to hunt such very small deer, then you may burn "Mosquito Pastilles," or anoint yourself with "Mosquito Lotions." We found Keating's Insecticide quite successful, and he who discovered it deserves success. The inventor (we read in the advertising wrapper) first made experiments on "bottled fleas"; and the mind which could originate, and the patience which could realise, the idea of bottling these minute and alert animalculæ could never, in conjunction, fail to achieve greatness.

And now, having commenced a list of nuisances which meet us disagreeably, I shall hold, as it were, a brief against Nice, and complete my catalogue, if only that, having shown myself an impartial critic, I may speak as freely in her praise.

Next to the mosquitoes, an admirable second, coming in with a rush, we have the smells. I remember a stink at Queenstown, by Cork, which caused John Leech to produce his drawing materials, and to express his opinion that "it was nearly strong enough to sketch," and there is, or was, an odour between Bristol and St. George which (so a lively cabman assured me) had broken several windows; and I do not believe that either of these individually could be excelled by any known

abomination or by any dying skunk; but there is a variety and ubiquity in the offensive exhalations of the Continent with which we cannot vie. The nose, which almost invariably stands at ease in England, is there continually on active foreign service. You get a whiff of garlic from time to time, which makes you think that, when the old historians wrote about *gens Gallica*, they should have turned the first *l* into *r*; which reminds you of Antiochus, as described in the Second Book of the Maccabees, and almost takes away your breath. And here, there, and everywhere, you have a diversity of disgusts, owing to uncleanness and bad drainage¹ (to say nothing of bad cigars), which led us to designate certain localities as the *Rue des Fièvres*, *Typhoid House*, *Miasma Terrace*, *Smallpox Alley*, and *Cloacina Row*. And these odious odours affect not only the nose but the eyes also, producing a disease well known to French doctors, which they call *la mit'è*.

Inability to sleep, and that restlessness which reminds us of the vacillating solicitor, who first lies on one side and then turns round and lies on the other, sometimes afflict the stranger on his arrival at Nice, especially

¹ "At Nice some of the drains pass over the dry bed of the Paillon torrent, polluting the small amount of water which remains there in the winter, and which is used by the inhabitants for washing clothes."—WILLIAMS'S *Climate of the South of France*.

when located near the sea. Grim visions oppress him in his broken slumbers, and, like Macbeth, he sleeps

“ In the affliction of those terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly,”

when conscience or digestion is perturbed. I dreamed that, in plucking wild flowers, I put my hand into a serpent's mouth, about the size of a crocodile's, felt his poisonous bite, and began to swell immediately like a monster balloon. The Primate left home to preach, forgetting a funeral, and was denounced by a frantic Nonconformist in the middle of the sermon, and before a crowded congregation, as a brutal tyrant, who kept widows and orphans waiting all day in the rain. The Posey, having the hounds to himself, came to an impracticable stile, leading into a lane; and, as he turned away, the whole “field,” led by a “bumptious snob, who couldn't ride a yard,” galloped after the pack, which he saw no more. Or, he was out with his gun, and up rose the quacking mallard from the sedge, or the woodcock from the thicket, with that little pat of the wing which sends the heart into the mouth, and lo! the trigger followed his fingers as though it were a piece of elastic, and, by the time his right hand was some distance behind his back, the *rara avis* was gone. His valet, Dobson, had bad dreams. The soot came down the

chimney on his master's buckskins at the very moment when his dressing-room bell, ringing violently, indicated his desire to put them on.

The dust is sometimes a sore distress, and I have looked down upon Nice when it very much resembled a limekiln. Vainly striving to screen yourself with a sun-shade, if you happen to be in it, you will be constrained to sigh, "*Pulvis et umbrella sumus!*"

Furthermore, it must be confessed that there are very sudden variations of heat and cold, not only when the sun goeth down, but that occasionally when he is up, a keen wind makes you feel like the *pain roti* which they give you at breakfast, and which not seldom is burnt on one side and nearly white on the other.

But what are these transitory *désagréments* to the abiding glories of Nice? The mosquitoes succumb to Keating and to cold. The scent of the flowers not only meets you in the garden, on the mountain, and in the vale, but it is presented to you by *monsieur le parfumeur* for your constant relief and delectation through the medium of your pocket-handkerchief. Boiling water poured on leaves of the eucalyptus, placed in a basin near the head of the weary, induces, as I have said, an exposition of sleep; but no remedy will be required after two or three nights for those who pitch their tent, as I

advise them to do, outside the city; and they will thus escape the dust also. We knew *delightful people, who were always cheerful and content in their pretty rooms on the *Promenade des Anglais*; we had troops of friends, who seemed healthful and happy, in the *Hôtel Paradis* (this of course) and elsewhere; but I would, nevertheless, urge the visitor to prefer the suburbs. There, not so far from the madding crowd but that you may mix with it when you please, you may combine peaceful enjoyment of the country with the social amenities and entertainments of the town. You may study and admire both nature and art. You may be geological or botanical, among the mountains or in the museum; historical archæological, as you stroll through the ruins at *Cimiez*, or as you sit with your books in the public libraries. You may gaze upon the flowers where they grow, or in the studio of Madame Hegg. You may listen to the nightingale in the woods, or to admirable music, vocal and instrumental, at the opera and the concert—notably the exquisite, pathetic sweetness of M. Charles Carré's violin. The enthusiastic Posey made affirmation that M. Carré was so charged with music that when, just before one of his Beethoven concerts, he dusted the piano with his handkerchief, he produced the most perfect and thrilling harmonies; and he offered to bet

his favourite odds of six to four, in thousands, that if Charles were taken captive by infuriated savages, and were allowed the use of his fiddle, he would have them all grovelling on the ground around him in something under two minutes, and beseeching him to act as their king.

Of the theatres we knew little. The Primate, who is a devoted Shaksperian, and delights to show, in strict ecclesiastical costume, his appreciation of what he calls "a cleanly and clever performance," tragic or comic, has a strong antipathy to "that meretricious mother of the illegitimate drama, the modern French play;" and as I sympathised with him, we had no information, save from "our dramatic reporter," the Squire, who went but seldom, and then, understanding about a fourth of what he heard, did not impress us with his criticisms, ample and positive as they were. On one occasion he was himself the hero of a charming little comedy. Accompanying a French friend, whose lively imagination sometimes transgressed the boundaries which divide the territories of truth and fiction, he was surprised to see the special and ill-concealed attention which was paid to him by the actors and actresses; they glanced at him continually; when they came to any favourite utterance or situation in the drama, they evidently looked for his approbation;

and, strangest of all, when the first performance was over, the proprietor of the theatre, with the hero and heroine of the piece, presented themselves at the door of his box, and requested the Frenchman, whom they knew, to procure them the great honour of an introduction—were proud of the illustrious presence, and hoped that their humble efforts had not been disagreeable to monsieur.

Assured by his companion that this tribute of respect came partly from the high estimation in which the English were held by the French, as connoisseurs of dramatic art, but chiefly from his distinguished appearance, the Posey returned in a gay and cheerful mood, and in a blissful ignorance that his friend had informed the *corps dramatique* that the English gentleman was a London manager of enormous wealth, engaged in the formation of a French company, and visiting the different theatres in search of histrionic power.

Dividing the inhabitants of Nice into two sections, fixed and planetary, I should say of the former that they were not remarkable for beauty, energy, or cultivated mind.¹ The men, speaking generally, are short and sallow, with some good looking exceptions, of an Italian

¹ “Ce qu’est vrai pour le physique est également vrai pour le moral : rien d’absolument original chez les citadins.”—*Lubanski*.

type, chiefly among the younger peasants. As to the women, they are fascinating, by a happy dispensation, to their own countrymen ; and the jealousy of their lovers is not likely to be evoked by obtrusive admiration of the stranger. Native writers affirm, "*Les femmes, en général, sont plus jolies que spirituelles. L'ouvrière, surtout, à part de rares exceptions, a tout ce qui constitue la jolie femme, chevelure abondante et luxuriante, œil mutin et vif, dents à faire noircir le lait* (Smollett says, 'They have the finest teeth in the world,' but does not go so far as to maintain that milk looks black by comparison), *teint brun et lisse, taille de poupée, démarche provocante et coquette, voilà l'apanage de nos jeunes Niçoises, de nos aimables compatriotes.*" Another eulogist describes them more cautiously, "*Pour la plupart, grandes, souples, bien faites, et souvent¹ jolies, portant sur leurs têtes, avec une aisance parfaite, de grandes corbeilles pleines, quelquefois de légumes, mais le plus souvent de fruits et de fleurs.*" And a third qualifies yet more severely, "*Malheureusement leur taille n'est pas aussi irréprochable que leurs traits, et un peintre critiquerait la poitrine, le cou, les extrémités, souvent communes, rarement élégantes.*"

¹ That "*souvent*" reminds me of a character, which I once gave to a neighbour, who applied for it, and, as the best I could devise, of a drunken parishioner—"He is a good farmer, a good man of business, a good neighbour, a good fellow, when he's sober, and he *often* is."

No ; the enamoured vocalist seeking his Flora,
 "In form and features, Beauty's queen,"
would have had a bad time of it among the women of
Nice, though he might have been reminded of her and
refreshed, as we were, by a pretty

GIRL AT THE WELL.



The men are happiest in a sedentary or recumbent posture. They are like the nigger, who disdained the

imputation that he was afraid of work. "No, massa, me lay me down, and go to sleep, close by him side." They are indolent as you would be, my energetic reader, if you lived in their climate. They are pleasant and obliging,¹ so long as you treat them civilly,—*la douceur du climat entraine la douceur du caractère*; but if you irritate to anger, you wake a sleeping fiend. They make free use of their accursed knives, and you rarely take up a newspaper without seeing the words, "*Coup de couteau.*" One Sunday morning, as we went to an early Celebration, we saw a large pool of blood on the pavement, with splashes on the wall and window near it, as we turned the corner of the *Rue Pastorelli* from the *Avenue de la Gare*; and the bystanders, who told us that there had been a little quarrel, and that one of the disputants had stabbed the other, seemed about as much impressed by the incident as a Londoner would be if a cab-horse fell.

They are sober (much alcohol would soon drive a

¹ The tradespeople, as a rule, are very polite; but there is a mysterious influence, which makes the vendors of fish rude of speech, as at our own Billingsgate. A French friend stopped at a stall to purchase, and casually remarked as he looked over the stock, "*Ce poisson n'est pas frais.*" The man surveyed him with a most sublime contempt, and, without moving from the wall against which he was leaning, made answer, "*Il est beaucoup plus frais que toi.*" On which the meeting broke up.

man mad in that hot sunshine), and sip for hours weak wine, light beer, lemonade, café, &c., at the buvette, auberge, and restaurant, without intoxication. They are as honest, I think, as other folks, but feel themselves justified in uniting to bleed visitors, who must be careful as to agreements, inventories, &c. There is an amusing history, in one of the *Guides des Étrangers*, of a cracked plate, which earned a franc from every lodger who used it. When an objection was made to the charge, on the plea, "*Mais le trou existait—c'est en note*," the reply was, "*Oh, alors il a été agrandi*;" and as the crack had not been accurately measured, the money was paid. They who want servants will do well to bring them with them. A cook asked a friend of mine "thirty francs a week if I do the marketing, fifty if I do not;" and few are so conscientious as one at San Remo, who came to another of my friends and said, "Sir, I can no longer conceal from you that monsieur the butcher is not honest. The father of that lamb, which you ate yesterday, was a goat."

The Niçois is in his glory when he can afford to hire a carriage, drive with two or three friends to some fête in the neighbourhood, and eat the *lapin garanti*. And why does he insist on a guarantee for his boiled rabbit? Because in the neighbourhood of Paris, and nearer

home, there is such a demand for the dish, that cases were discovered, in which, though a rabbit's head appeared in the saucepan, the surroundings were chiefly contributed by the cat !

The language of the native of Nice, which some regard as a mere vulgar modern patois (just as some think that many of our old Danish and Saxon words are only local novelties), is no other than the ancient Provençal, from which the Italian, Spanish, and French languages have been formed. This is the language which rose upon the ruins of the Latin tongue, after the irruptions of the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Burgundians, by whom the Roman empire was destroyed. From its great affinity to the Latin, it was called *Romance* ; and as the first legends of knight errantry were written in Provençal, so all similar fictions to this day take the title of Romance. It is hardly necessary to remark that, like all other languages, it has undergone many changes. Here is a specimen :—

“ O Nissa, terra santa . . .
Nissa, du clima tan pur,
Puische cad'un ti canta . . .
Ti canti me bouonur ;
Lou tien nom es Vittoria,
Lou tien souol es aimat,
Se consulti l'istoria,

Mi senti transportat !
 Villa_aimada,
 Resserçada,
 A tu vida, amour, espouor ;
 Cū non t'aima,
 Cū ti blaima,
 Es un traït, un sensa couor !”

As regards section two, the nomads or birds of passage, I would urge the stranger, who wishes to enlarge his acquaintance, to exercise a wary discretion in his principle of selection, and not to forget the wise advice of Hamlet—

“ But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd, comrade.”

A burnt child, with the smell of singeing still fresh in the nostrils of memory, I have a wholesome horror of fire : taught at my initiation to be cautious, I would caution others.

It seemed good to my father, when I was a mere lad, in

“ My sallet days,
 When I was green in judgment,”

that I should make what was then called the Grand Tour. He naturally, but erroneously, thought that, as he had paid for my instruction in the French language for several years, I might possibly know something about

it; whereas the learning which I had accumulated amounted to little more than this, that an eagle with his family elevated himself to the clouds (*un aigle avec ses aiglettes s'élevait jusqu'aux nues*); that a young cock, scratching on a dunghill, found, by hazard, a stone precious (*un jeune coq, grattant sur un fumier, trouvait par hazard une pierre précieuse*); and that Calypso could not console herself for the departure of Ulysses (*Calypso ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse*). The teacher, who had led me to these amazing heights of scholarship, was to go with me to Paris for a month, and then, having thoroughly mastered the language, I was to proceed alone. The four weeks passed pleasantly and swiftly, but, as all the talking was done by my interpreter, I found that, when they were gone, my stock in trade still consisted mainly of the eagle, the young cock, and Calypso; and as these seemed an insufficient escort, I was exercised by fears of speechless solitude, and advertised in *Galignani* for a travelling companion. A pleasant young Englishman called to offer himself immediately, wished to go my route, and gave me to understand that I was of all others *the* man with whom he should desire to go it. Next day, I lunched with him, was introduced to two of his friends bearing honoured names; we strolled about Paris, visiting a

shooting-gallery, in which my attention was specially invited (I soon found out why) to the accurate aim of one of our party; dined at the Trois Fières, drank more wine than was wise; adjourned to my new mate's rooms for coffee; commenced *vingt-et-un*, at which I won while the stakes were low, but lost when they were increased; suspected, watched, and was convinced that I was cheated; and finally rose up, informing the two who had won large sums from me (my companion elect cunningly making himself my debtor to a comparatively small amount by overdrawing) that I should play no more, and asking them, as I took out my memorandum-book, "How much do you *say* that I owe you?" Of course they professed astonishment and indignation, and the biggest of the three, who had been so clever with the pistol, began to bluster and bully, "What did I mean?" &c. I replied that what I meant was this, that I should go to the British Embassy next morning, and, if all was right, they would have the money. But, as I anticipated, all was wrong. I found, on my return to *Meurice's*, that the proprietor knew these cardsharps well (three ruined gamblers, born gentlemen, and once officers in distinguished regiments); and, on his advice, I had an interview with the *Procureur du Roi*. He gave me all his sympathy,

but could not prosecute ; and my only consolation was that the delectable trio were not benefited to the amount of one franc by me.

So the young visitor must not be misled by appearances—*fronti nulla fides*—nor deceived by a name. What's in a name? No, not even by names with a title ; for titles may be assumed, and often in those foreign regions they are purchased with a property, even as the hero in the *Pirates of Penzance* bought a long line of ancestors with the mausoleum in which their bones were laid. He must take warning from feeble, foolish Imogene, and must not allow his eye to be dazzled, nor his brain to be bewildered, though a baron, all covered with jewels and gold, should arrive at the hotel door. Let him beware of le Marquis d'Escroqueville and of le Comte Champignon. There is, generally speaking, very little similarity, except in name, between a *duc* and a duke—as much difference between a French and English marquis as between a marquee and a mansion ; and as for counts, they have sometimes no more claim to the prefix than a worm-doctor to the affix of esquire.

It was written more than a century ago, “ Nice abounds with marquises, counts, and barons. Of these, three or four families are really respectable ; the rest are

novi homines, sprung from bourgeois who have saved money."

But there's many a sunlit home by Nice made sunnier by the only true gentleness, ennobled by the only true nobility ; homes in which the one sure source of happiness is found in the Faith, which worketh by love ; and it is good for us, leaving the mixed multitude, to gain admission into these where we may, and to share their righteous mirth when we can.



CHAPTER VII.

RELIGION AT NICE.

THE last thought of the preceding chapter suggests a few observations concerning "*les cultes à Nice.*" The chief churches of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant, Roman, Anglican, Russian, American, German, Scotch, and French "Evangelical," are represented—well represented; and to those Christians who rejoice to welcome in other communions whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good

report, and if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, to think on these things, while they hesitate not to condemn all shams and vain superstitions, be they in excess or defect,—to those who think, with Macaulay, that “the worst form of Christianity is infinitely superior to the best form of heathenism,” and, with the inspired Apostle, rejoice that Christ is preached, even though the motive of the preacher be contentious and insincere,—to those who think that the “perilous times” of prophecy have come, and that, fighting not for XXXIX. Articles, but for the Holy Scripture, not for this Church or that Church, but for Christianity itself,—we want every soldier, whatever his uniform, and every weapon, old or new, and that we shall do well to remember Nelson’s bidding to the two captains, who had a quarrel and did not speak to each other, “Shake hands, gentlemen, we are in sight of the enemy,”—to these the harmonies, rather than the diversities, of the Churches are now of the more momentous interest.

The Roman Church, as the Church of the country, of course dominates over all, and you meet so many ecclesiastics in Nice, that it is a surprise to read from one of their own body, the Abbé Bugaud, in his essay on “*Le Grand Peril de l’Église de France*,” that

the supply of priests is very defective, and that, owing to the expense of clerical education, the unwillingness of the young men in the upper classes to take orders; the wretched income which a priest receives—900 francs—the solitude, and often the insults, which await him, “the bishops complain of churches innumerable for which they cannot find pastors.” You would suppose after a long walk that there were priests, *in esse* or *in posse*, at Nice to fill a diocese.

They are not of a very intellectual or ascetic type; but when an English clergyman, who was “taking his holiday” in a plaid suit—his work being to his vacation, as Falstaff’s bread to his sack—pronounced that he considered them “an under-bred lot,” I could not refrain from remarking that, at all events, they were not ashamed of their uniform, and did not seem to get much furlough. I refrained from adding that they were on duty every day, and not on Sundays only, and that it was their custom to

“Shake off dull sloth, and early rise.
To pay their morning sacrifice,”

some hours before he rose from his bed. I might have told him, for I knew it was so, that, while his own damp and dismal edifice, with its unsightly and

exclusive pews, was deserted and shut from Sunday to Sunday, the churches at Nice were open for continual worship; and while he was drawling somebody else's sermon to a drowsy audience, many of these men whom he criticised so severely, were preaching their own thoughts, impressively, without a note.

I am aware, of course, that my companion in the tweed is happily an exception to our English clergy, and I rejoice to know that free and open churches, and daily services, and earnest preachers are multiplying quickly in our midst; but there is much that might be advantageously copied, or rather adapted, from our brethren of Rome, more especially as to the frequency and variety of worship, to meet the opportunities and the capacities of all classes. We want short but attractive services, metrical litanies, in which all can join; instructions, intercessions, and more of that freedom and diversity which is forbidden by our Act of Uniformity. For example, on the evening of Good Friday the Church of Notre Dame was crowded with a mixed multitude, many of whom would otherwise have been strolling about the streets, who listened attentively to a "*concert spirituel*" of sacred music, vocal and instrumental, from the *Stabat Mater*, &c.; a priest giving out the titles of the songs and pieces

from the pulpit, with a few brief explanations. The last Seven Sayings from the Cross were most impressively sung.

And do not these foreign churches suggest to us how much more might be done to consecrate art, and to make her "the handmaid of religion," so that our painters might be encouraged to portray the most beautiful of all subjects, and our people might admire religious pictures—ay, and be taught by them—

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta *fidelibus*"—

without paying a shilling in Bond Street or a visit to the National Gallery.

And again, it would be well if those prejudiced persons, who bring railing accusations against everything Roman as unscriptural, would hear what the Romans have to say. "You can't show me a single text from the Bible," a very demonstrative Protestant said to his Roman neighbour at a *table d'hôte*, "which gives the slightest authority for those wretched monks." "Those wretched monks," it was quietly answered, "think differently. They take the vow of poverty, because our Lord says, 'Sell that thou hast, and give

to the poor.' They take the vow of chastity, because He says, 'He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.' They take the vow of obedience, because He says, 'Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister,' and 'I am among you as He that serveth.' "

And when it was remarked by a railway passenger, who did not see a Roman priest in the corner, that "the carrying about of lighted candles was the silliest and most indefensible performance he had ever witnessed," the reply was made "that the object of the custom, which was a very ancient one, was not only to remind us of Him who said, 'I am the Light of the world,' 'a Light to lighten the Gentiles,' but also to teach us that, as His disciples, we must 'let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works,' and must keep our 'lamps burning, as men who wait for the coming of their Lord.' "

All those forms and ceremonies, which so many denounce because they may see them performed in a merely perfunctory, unfeeling manner, have a solemn, sacred meaning for those who are in earnest;¹ just as when

¹ Spiritual truth is taught symbolically by practices which seem puerile to the stranger, and through very common things. So we find that not only "there is reason in roasting eggs," but religion also. Those Easter eggs,

you take off your hat, or shake hands, you may mean nothing, or may intend a true respect and a most sincere affection.

How many hear a bell and say, "Oh, there's the Angelus;" or listen to that favourite song in their drawing rooms, *Sweet Angelus, ring on*, and have very vague ideas, if any, as to what the Angelus means. And yet with what glorious words the devout Catholic speaks his love of it! "Thrice a day, for a period of 500 years, at sunrise, at mid-day, and at sunset, the bell of the Angelus calls to prayer. In every land where the Catholic dwells, from place to place, from lip to lip, it announces the mysterious solution of that great problem of the world, the Annunciation, the Salutation, the Conception, the Word made flesh, and dwelling among us; and from country to country the knee is bent, and the head is bowed, at the remembrance of the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the souls of the faithful unite in adoration of the Saviour

which most people regard as mere childish toys, are intended to remind us that as there is latent life in that which seems to be dead, so there was life where

"Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade,
The Lord by Whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, was laid;"

and life also in the Christian's tomb.

and in the reverence which is due to His holy Mother."

But, unhappily, something more than reverence is offered to the Blessed Virgin. Let priests and writers say what they will, no one can spend six months among Roman Catholics, with his eyes and his ears in good working order, without the sure and sad conviction that from a large number of persons the earthly mother receives more honour than the Divine Son, and that her influence is more sought than His, who ever liveth to make intercession for us. She is the most prominent figure, not only within and without the churches, but in the hearts of many worshippers. And one may truly cry "unscriptural," when, in that theory of the Immaculate Conception, which the Church of Rome declares to be "a doctrine taught and revealed by God,"¹ and in such glorifications as those which she utters on the feast of the Assumption, "the Holy Mother of God hath been exalted, over choirs of angels, into the heavenly kingdom"²—she contradicts the divine declaration that there never was but One sinless being in this world, and that no child of man has entered or can enter heaven until the King of Glory, at the Resurrection,

¹ See *Roman Breviary*, translated by John, Marquess of Bute, vol. i. p. 942.

² *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 1220.

shall open the everlasting doors. Well may we sigh "unscriptural," when, though she dare not alter *the letter* of the first prophecy of a Redeemer, dare not put "*Ipsa*" for "*Iipse*," and "the woman" for "the seed of the woman," yet in *the spirit* she so misconstrues it ; says on the 8th of December yearly, in her office for the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, "This day is the Holy Virgin Mary conceived without sin. The Virgin's foot" (not the Virgin's Son) "hath bruised the serpent's head ;" and in countless churches and wayside shrines exhibits pictures of the Virgin, in accordance with this interpretation, having the *Infant* Saviour in her arms, and therefore herself achieving the victory, before in His temptation, in His agony, and in His death He fought and overcame. Once it was, "*Ave gratia plena ;*" but now, as I saw on a roadside picture at Cimiez, it is, "*In te gratia omnis.*"

In the number of *La Semaine Religieuse*, published at Nice, with the approbation of the bishop, on the 28th of December, 1879, there is an account of an Englishman, "*Protestant et absolument incrédule*" (the little Romans are diligently taught that Protestant and infidel are synonymous), whose life was saved in a battle by a medal of the Virgin, given to him by his mother, which

¹ *Breviary*, vol. i. p. 944.

intercepted a bullet on its way to his heart. This incident, backed up by the subsequent arrival of another ball at his right leg, which, not finding a medal, continued its course through his calf,¹ and followed by a sermon from the Abbé Des Genettes in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires at Paris, convinced and converted the infidel. Nevertheless, the plain inference that all soldiers, covered with such medals, would be invulnerable does not seem at present to have impressed the generals.

On the Feast of the Assumption, March 25, 1880, le Père Laconteur, preaching in the church of Notre Dame, at Nice, related that many years ago he saw a commotion in the streets, and heard cries for a priest. A man had fallen from an upper storey, and was so terribly crushed (*affreusement broyé écrasé*) that it was evident his life had been preserved by a miracle. When asked to explain what he meant by continuing to breathe, in opposition to all the laws of nature, he could not explain his behaviour. He was not devout; he had not been to Confession for twenty years. Had he prayed to the Virgin? No; *but* he wore her medal, given to

¹ "Je reçus alors une balle dans la jambe droit; la balle traversa le mollet de part en part. Quel dommage, m'écriai-je, que je n'aie pas eu une médaille à la jambe!"—*La Semaine Religieuse de Nice*, 2^{me}. Année, No. 4, p. 73.



him by his mother, as in the case of the English infidel ; and so all was explained ! And yet, in spite of this, it is a well-known fact, that hundreds of these foolish Niçois still persist in going up ladders, climbing masts, ascending in balloons, and, which seems still more profane, in coming safely down again, without this sure and economical insurance of life.

Well may the Frenchman write,—“ Ces exemples et milles autres identiques sembleraient prouver que la religion à Nice se restreint à un culte particulier, celui de Notre Dame de Laghet. Peut-être bien n'en est-il pas de même partout ? Ici, Notre Dame de Laghet, là, Notre Dame de la Salette, ailleurs Germaine de Pibrac, plus loin Jacques de Compostelle, et plus loin St. Janvier : Dieu vient ensuite, quand il y a place pour Dieu ! ”

And well may John Bull quote the memorable words of his episcopal namesake, written some 200 years ago—“ Such is the worship given to the Blessed Virgin by many in the Church of Rome that they deserve to be called *Marians* rather than *Christians*.”¹

We need not dwell upon other dogmas, concerning which we English are *absolument incrédules*, such as Papal infallibility, remembering the ancient warning of Gregory the Great, “ He who shall proclaim himself

¹ Bishop Bull's *English Theological Works*. Oxford Edition, p. 79.

Universal Bishop will become through his arrogance precursor of Antichrist," and the recent words of Montalembert concerning "the idol, whom they have set up for themselves at the Vatican,"—such as the enforced celibacy of the priesthood, knowing, as we do, its miserable results ; for it is better, as I said, to think more of our agreements, and to judge ourselves rather than others.

On the Easter-eve of the Eastern Church, a month after our own Easter, we attended a most interesting service in the Greek Church ("Église orthodoxe Russe") in the *Rue Longchamp*. It commenced at eleven P.M. ; a long line of carriages bringing the Russian visitors, all in full dress, many of the men in uniform, and the ladies wearing their jewels as for a ball or reception. There were also several children in bright and becoming costume. Shawls and wraps were taken off in a side-room (quite a new thing in vestries), and the beautiful building was filled with the most *distingué* congregation which we, not in the habit of attending coronations or royal marriages, had ever seen in a church. The service, led by two handsome, black-bearded priests, in splendid vestments, consisted chiefly of mournful, monotonous music and readings from the Holy Scriptures, until at midnight the glad announcement was made, "*Christ is*

risen," and then, in the tone of the worship and in the faces of the worshippers there was a festal change, as they congratulated each other on the greatest of all victories, and saluted one another with a holy kiss. Strange to us as was this promiscuous osculation between priests and ladies, old men and young men, it was so entirely in accord with scriptural teaching, so reverent, hearty, and sincere, that we could only admire and respect it; and, unless there be some of those lunatics still extant, who think that nothing can be right or religious which is not done in England, I don't see who can condemn it. "Unto the pure all things are pure; but to them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure."

There is another edifice, solemnly associated with religion and Russia, which should be seen by all who come to Nice—the chapel built at the Villa Bermond, just outside the city, in memory of the Grand Duke Cesarowitch, Nicolas Alexandrowitch, who, in 1865, and in the flower of his manhood, with all that honour and wealth could give, came here to die. Long before there were any serious symptoms, he expressed strong presentiments of death, and in the photographs, which you may buy at the chapel, you see the foreboding upon the pleasant face of that devout and unselfish man. "I

should wish to live," he said, "and everything seems to smile on me; but I feel that my happiness will not be *here*."

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

The building was erected, at a cost of 13,000*l.*, in the Byzantine style, and in granite and marble of various colours, upon the site of the villa occupied by the Grand Duke; and there is an altar-table upon the very spot where he died. Passing through the great door of bronze, manufactured at Lyons, and set in an archway of Carrara marble, you find the interior, built in the form of a Greek cross, filled from ceiling to basement with exquisite pictures, frescoes, and mosaics, and flooded with a rosy-golden light from the painted glass in the cupola above. The arrangement of the subjects is incongruous; St. Nicholas, the young Duke's patron saint, holding the position of honour, with the *Resurrection* and *Transfiguration* as accessories, and the Apostles being mixed with comparatively modern saints, as though all were on an equality; but the devotional spirit in which the work is done, and the impressive effect produced, make one ashamed of those wretched representations of sacred art in England, manifestly the

results of a profound conviction that he who can paint a mayor can paint a martyr also.

With regard to our own Church, it is little more than half a century since permission was grudgingly given, at the solicitation of "l'excellente Lady Olivia Sparrow," by His Majesty, the King of Sardinia, that the English should have a place in which to worship according to their use, but on the express condition (so it was commanded in the royal patent) *that the building should not bear, either within or without, the slightest resemblance to a church!*

"I have seen," writes one of the French chroniclers of Nice, "the funeral processions of Protestants hooted and pelted with stones by a populace blind enough to offer insult to the dead, and to the mourners in their sore distress."

Now there are three churches—Trinity, which replaced the first miserable makeshift, at a cost of 6,000*l.*, in the year 1856, the church at Carabacel, and the church of St. Michael, in the Rue Michel, built soon afterwards. At Trinity, presided over by one who for many years has been loved and respected at Nice—the Rev. Mr. Childers, English chaplain—the teaching is "Evangelical;" at Carabacel, where the services are frequent and reverent, moderately, and at St. Michael's

where there is a daily Celebration, decidedly, "High Church."

In the quiet burial-ground by the church of the Trinity I found the grave of one whom I knew and revered in my youth, Henry Francis Lyte, priest and poet. He died at the Hôtel de Grande Bretagne, in Nice, receiving the last consolations of his Church from a brother clergyman, the Rev. E. Manning, now Cardinal of Rome. Standing by the white marble cross which marks his resting-place, it was a great happiness to reflect how completely the prayer of his "Declining Days" was answered—

" Might I but leave behind
Some blessing for my fellows, some fair trust
To guide, to cheer, to elevate my kind,
When I am in the dust !

" Within my narrow bed
Might I not wholly mute or useless be ;
But hope that they, who trampled o'er my head,
Drew still some good from me !

" Might my poor lyre but give
Some simple strain, some spirit-moving lay,
Some sparklet of the soul, that still might live
When I was passed to clay !

" Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart,
Light in one drooping soul a hallow'd fire,
Or bind one broken heart !

“ Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod,
Might I thus live to bless my fellow-men,
Or glorify my God.”

And it was given to him to write that glorious hymn,

“ Abide with me, fast falls the eventide : ”

which is sung, I believe, more oft and heartily than any other, all the world over, by the Church which he served so faithfully, and which he loved so well.



CHAPTER VIII.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOURS.

IN the valleys and on the mountains around Nice, they who love the beautiful find new beauty every day ; beauty of form, in the grand outlines of the hills, and, seen from them, in the graceful curves of the shore, with its tall promontories and peaceful havens ; beauty of colour, in soil and stone, grass and lichen, foliage and flower, sea and sky. Just enough of animate life to cheer the stillness of the scene ;

“ While round the steep the little pathway twines,
And silence loves its purple roof of vines,”

a wee maiden of six summers trips down a bank, and tempts you with a tiny bouquet. Or a peasant hoeing in his garden plot, or *madame* feeding *le lapin sauvage*, pleasantly return your accostals. Or a monk meets you on his errand of mercy ; or you see, silently creeping, the brave chasseur. Suddenly he stops ; he has stalked his stag ; he is within range of his quarry ; he goes down on one knee ; he takes the most deliberate aim you ever saw or heard of ; he fires, and, rushing madly forwards, returns erect, heroic, jubilant, holding in his bloody hand, which he regards proudly, as though he were just made a baronet, his victim—a small representative of the linnet family, which in Nottinghamshire we call a “spink.”

Our friend the Posey, who has enriched a natural cleverness in imitating the notes of birds with many resources of art, amused himself for some time most happily at the expense of the bold hunter, luring him hither and thither with loud and liquid music, and suggesting visions, never to be realized, of the fat and palatable thrush. But when the baffled fusilier, from a suspicious or speculative spirit, began to fire in the direction of the sound—thus defying one of the great primal laws of gunnery, that the gunner must have some visible object for his aim—then the Posey

felt himself constrained, as a sportsman and as a gentleman, to decline further intercourse with the brave chasseur.

On the slopes above, and by the water-courses below, you see

“ The abodes of men, scattered at intervals.”

Losing your way, you are surprised and shamed to find yourself within the precincts of some pretty villa, and face to face, it may be, with M. Le Propriétaire ; but you have only to raise your hat, and speak your apologies, and you will most probably be treated more as a guest than an intruder. Now you come to the ruins of an old olive mill by the stream, and now to some deserted home. They tell a horrible story concerning one of these desolations. An English gentleman, strolling upon the mountains, many years ago, perceived, in passing by the entrance of a villa, a most offensive smell. Supposing that it was caused by some dead animal or neglected drain, he took no special notice ; but that night he dreamed that he was again at the villa, and saw a very beautiful woman, with an infant in her arms, gazing out of one of the upper windows, with a look of terror and agony, at something on the ground below. He went next morning, and found a dead body, stretched out before the porch of



RUINS OF AN OLD OLIVE MILL.

entrance. The ground all around it was soaked and stained with blood, and, on a piece of paper, secured by the last stab of a long dagger to the breast of the corpse, the words were written—

ECCO !

ANTONIO—IL ADULTERO !

And within, in the upper room, the mother and child, whom he saw in his dream, dead upon the floor. It was supposed that the man, leaving the house at night to fetch a doctor, for there were no servants, had been murdered by the husband of the woman with whom he had eloped from Italy ; and that she, some time next day, had gone to the window, after the birth of her baby, and that the sight which she saw had killed her.

Be this history fact or fiction, or both, the scene suggests a tragedy, as though

“ Some weighty crime, which Heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old Building hung,
And its deserted Garden.”

Go where we may, there is something to interest. “ *La route est une succession continuelle de tableaux pittoresques et charmants ;* ” but there are objects, of course, with a special attraction. There is the “ *Vallon Obscur*,” a miniature Gap of Dunloe, a defile so narrow,

and the rocks through which it passes, and on which the common maiden-hair grows abundantly, so high, that one feels oppressed in the cold, damp corridor, and anxious to return to sunshine—an anxiety which was promoted in our case by the fall of several stones in close proximity, and which were intended as tokens of disrespect by some boys above, whose services, as guides, we had considered superfluous. Hearing other complaints of similar annoyance, we determined to punish these miscreants, and to stop their little game, which was really dangerous. So the Primate was sent on, with a very strong umbrella, in advance but in sight of the main body; he indignantly declined the proffered escort, and went on through the pass. Hardly had he disappeared, when Young France, mirthfully malignant, hurried away for vengeance. But at this crisis, the flower of the English army, under the command of General Posey, executed one of those brilliant strategic evolutions for which it is distinguished in history; and, attacking the enemy in the rear—I may say very much in the rear—dispersed him, howling, at the point of the boot.

The *Valley of Hepaticas* (*Vallon des Hepatiques*, sometimes called *Vallon des Fleurs*) is as charming as it sounds, despite the derivation, Ἡπάτικός, “pertaining

to the liver," and displays an abundance of those gems of which

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One, who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars which on earth's firmament do shine."

And nigh unto Nice, *Cimiez*—now a suburb, once a city—the solemn, beautiful *Cimiez*, with its pleasant homes and fair gardens, upon the site of old *Cemenelum*, the capital of the Roman province, with its prefect, and senate, and legion, temple and amphitheatre; *Cimiez*, the cemetery of the martyr saints; and from these associations, Christian and classical, from its ruins and its records,¹ from its climate and position, still, as when rich and noble tourists flocked to it from Rome, a favourite haunt of those who seek health or beauty, and the most interesting spot, to my mind, in all the Riviera.

En route from the *Hôtel Villa Arson*, there is a short cut from the *Brancolar Road* through the inclosures (private grounds, and a copper expected by small child, opening gate), which takes the pedestrian by a gigantic specimen of the *Cactus Hexagonus* (having its roots under an adjoining cowhouse, and mainly

¹ Coins, medals, lamps, and other Roman remains, are frequently exhumed.

indebted for its grandeur to the cow) to the amphitheatre. The ruins are small and uninteresting, compared



CACTUS HEXAGONUS.

with those at *Nîmes* and *Arles* ; but there have been lively doings in that little arena, and very deadly also. Nevertheless, I ventured to remind my two companions, who

were fiercely denouncing "these brutal Romans," that their eminently respectable Christian grandfathers had baited bulls, and killed cocks with artificial spurs, and assured their fellow-creatures that it was a "noble science" to smash and maim one another; and that it was better to exercise our righteous indignation upon the cruelties of our own time, despite a little failure we had recently met with at Nice, in endeavouring to obtain a conviction for an elderly lady, whom we saw at her door, in one of the streets in the old city, plucking a fowl before it was dead!

From the benches of this amphitheatre, Claudius the Prefect, it is said, vainly entreated St. Pons to save his life in this world by renouncing his hope of the life eternal, and by sacrificing to Apollo in a temple, of which the ruins may be seen close by, in the grounds of the *Villa Garin*. Here there are also very interesting remains of a Roman bath, the outline, foundations, and portions of the interior walls being so perfect, that the arrangements can be distinctly traced, the fireplace and flues, the *frigidarium*, *calidarium*, and *sudatorium*, showing that the Romans knew as well as we do the uses and luxuries of hot and cold water, of vapour and "Turkish" baths. They learned their thermapeutics from the Greeks, as we borrow from

them that grandiloquent term, which ever reminds me of an instruction given in an old book of "*Etiquette for Ladies*:" "When heated by the dance, you must not say to your partner, 'I sweat;' 'I perspire' will be much more genteel."

Thence to the convent, church, and cemetery. Note the trees of Ilex, in front of the church, for the best of the three is probably the most beautiful specimen you will ever see, and the cross near the entrance of the cemetery, which has upon it a crucified form, with wings at the head, the hands, and the feet, and perplexes those who have not read in the records of St. Francis of Assisi, how, "having fasted for forty days in his solitary cell on Mount Alverna, he beheld, as it were, a seraph, with six shining wings, bearing down upon him from above, and between his wings was the form of a man crucified; and when the vision had disappeared, and he had recovered a little from its effects, it was seen that in his hands, his feet, and his side, he carried the wounds of his Saviour."

An earlier incident in the life of St. Francis is painted in fresco within the portico of the church, and is reproduced for the reader on the following page. Anxious to unite his numerous followers in a brotherhood or order, he went to Rome, and asked the sanction and

blessing of the Pope. Innocent III., knowing little of the applicant, declined to comply with his request, but in the night after the interview he dreamed that he saw the pillars of the Lateran giving way and about to fall, and that S. Francis held them up with a mighty effort,



and saved the building from destruction. In the morning the Pope sent for him, and, acting upon this *signum cadentis ecclesiæ*, confirmed the rule of his order.¹

The church, which was built on the site of a Roman

¹ See *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, pp. 253, 256, which also record that the same pope dreamed the same dream of Saint Dominic (see page 384).

temple, dedicated to Diana, is plain without but beautiful within. The high altar of inlaid marble is of exquisite workmanship; there are three pictures by the great Niçois painter, Ludovico Bréa, the best being the *Descent from the Cross*; the roof is covered with paintings, chiefly of Franciscan heroes and incidents; and we saw there at Christmas one of the prettiest specimens of those pretty *crèches*, in which children, and all who have not lost the spirit of childhood, but

“Keep the child’s heart in the brave man’s breast,”

delight with reverent joy.

The cemetery, which is the fashionable burial-ground of the Niçois, *de bon ton parmi les habitants, et aristocratique champ de repos* (the writer from whom I quote quaintly expresses his best wishes that they who have been at so much expense in their interment, may enjoy the benefit of the outlay—*nous souhaitons très vivement que ceux qui font la dépense s’y trouvent mieux qu’ailleurs*), consists of long lines of small marble chambers, having tombs within, and also of open graveyards. There is not much to admire in sculpture, with the exception of a figure clinging to the cross near the church, and the beautiful monument of Ercole Trachet, erected by his sister, who is represented as weeping over his tomb.

Large, dingy garlands of immortelles, crowns, and crosses in beads of glass, artificial flowers, and ribbons, were lying on the graves; and a monk was collecting some faded bouquets, which had been blessed, he told us, on All Souls' Day, and therefore must be reverently burnt.

As we read the epitaphs, the Primate expressed his righteous sorrow and surprise at the absence of those expressions of Christian faith which one expects to find in a Christian cemetery, and which bring surest comfort to the mourner's heart. Instead of the hope full of immortality, instead of the belief that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, there was for the most part in these inscriptions the melancholy wail of despair. There were no texts from the Holy Scriptures, and if the name of the Saviour is written in that cemetery, we did not see it.

*"Mort a ravi notre unique bonheur,
Tes inconsolables parents,
Trop tôt ravi de notre amour."*

These, and such as these, were the miserable dirges which we read. Some higher, holier sentiment might be found in such sentences as

*"Dieu a nous séparé:
Dieu nous reunira;"*

and on the tomb of a little child—

*"Petit Père!
Petite Mère!
Je vous attends
La Haut;"*

but definite Christianity was absent from these graves of the Christians. The inscription on the tomb of Madeleine Rasperi—

*"Terre sois lui légère!
Elle a peu pèsé sur toi,"*

reminded us, of course, of the builder's epitaph:—

*"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy weight on thee."*

The pleasant little promenades around Nice are infinite, to fountains and mountains, to châteaux and plateaux, to chapels and churches—such as the little sanctuary at Gairaut¹ amid the lovely dwarf, purple iris, flowering in its season (March), under the silver branches of the wild rosemary. Extending your range, you may enjoy a delightful walk from the Villa Arson, by the small *auberge des Quatre Saisons*, by the *Convent* or *Abbey of St. Pons*, and the young students preparing for the priesthood within its walls; by the *Asile des Aliénés*,

¹ It is refreshing to see over the portals of this church, which has been recently restored, the words "*Salvator mundi miserere nobis*" instead of a glorification of Mary.

where some years ago there was a very terrible scene, the building being on fire in the night, many of the lunatics refusing to leave their cells, and being burnt alive, others rushing to and fro with wild screams and demoniacal laughter in the dry bed of the river hard by; and on the hill beyond you come to the *Castle and Grotto of St. André*, the former a ruin too ruinous for interest, but the latter of very curious formation, supposed to be a deposit of land, so far as I understood my French instructor, made there by an inundation, and subsequently perforated by the valley stream, which for a time it arrested. Here there is a petrifying well, with the usual birds'-nests and frozen eggs at two francs fifty centimes.

There is another charming "constitutional," by *Carambael*, admiring the wayside group of agaves (*see opposite page*), through the city to the *Ville Franche* road, where you have villas and fair gardens on your left, as you mount the hill, the Mediterranean on your right, and in front of you the *Château Smith*, one of the most perfect models for a cruet-stand, with a mustard pot in the middle, which I ever remember to have seen. Two of these gardens, those of Baron Vigier and Baron Hausman, may generally be inspected, the gardener who shows them rightfully expecting some small remuneration, and will give



GROUP OF AGAVES.

the visitor some idea of the results which are produced by the combination of culture and climate, and which might be far more wonderful than they are, if, in this Horticultural Company, the man was not too often a sleeping partner. Shakspeare would never have said of gardening at Nice,

" This is an Art,
Which does mend Nature."

M. le Jardinier, like Mrs. Gamp, " puts a deal of trust elsewhere," and, with her, " seems to find it answer." Where magnolias and palms, and paulownias, and weigandias, and bougainvilleas, and cloth of gold roses, ask only to be put in the ground, when you see, as I saw, a heap of narcissus flung out of a patch of corn as weeds, and the golden iris swept down with a sickle to make more room in a dyke, he modestly shrinks from presumptuous efforts to gild such refined gold. And I have certainly seen some villas in the Riviera largely cocknified and spoilt by formal arrangements, quite out of keeping with the shape of the garden and the scenery around, and by persistent failures in grass plats and other English accessories, which cannot thrive in France.

Here and there you will see what taste can do by those graceful contrasts of form and colour which proclaim the true artist. From this *Ville Franche* road, for example,

you see the red and white roses, and the bright orange-scarlet nasturtium, climbing the palm, and glowing amid its branches, and the crimson bignonia on the dark bole of the olive, with the silver foliage above. In the *Jardin Publique* a wistaria was flowering in abundance on all the branches and to the very top of a stone pine, some thirty feet high; and in a garden near the *Villa Bermond*, a yellow Banksian mingles its roses with the peach-like bloom of the Judas tree. Alphonse Karr writes: "*J'ai dans mon jardin un Tacsonia mollissima dont les guirlandes de fleurs roses se tombent du haut d'un olivier de vingt metres dans lequel il lui a plu de grimper.*"

And in the two gardens which I have named you will see some grand specimens of cultural skill: *Ficus, macrophylla* and *Australis*; *Latania Borbonica*, with leaves three yards in diameter; immense bushes of *Chamærops excelsa*, and trees of *Corypha Australis*; wonderful *Bambusas*, *Nigra*, and lovely *Gracilis* with its bending boughs; *Bonaparteas* in fullest perfection; *Musa Ensete*, with leaves to fan a giantess (say twenty feet high) in Brobdignag; *Strelitzias* and *Hedychiums* which had been out through the winter—stove and greenhouse plants in the open air, which would be worth 50*l.* apiece to an English exhibitor.

Continuing our walk, with a last fond look at the mustard-pot, admiring the golden flowers of the *Euphorbia*,

and enjoying the fragrant perfume of the *Thyme*, we come to the beautiful

BAY OF VILLE FRANÇHE.



Guns are firing from a Russian man-of-war—a great dandy, as warriors are, when they wear their holiday suit ;

and two of our English ironclads, the *Thunderer* and the *Téméraire*, the guardship of the French admiral, the



THE GREAT OLIVE AT BEAULIEU.

Colbert, which we visited to our great delight as we rowed in our hired boat across the bay, seemed to be listening with a dignified indifference, "resting beautifully

upon their shadows." Disembarking and leaving *St. Jean* and the promontory of *Saint Hospice* on the right, you rise the hill to *Beaulieu*, "nom bien mérité," for it is indeed "a goodly place," and has also been named "*La petite Afrique*," from its warmth and tropical vegetation.

Here we saw the glorious caroubas and the great olive tree, the oldest and largest in France, *le doyen de son espèce*, said to be 1,000 years old, and measuring nearly eight yards in circumference. A strange and sad catastrophe occurred before we left the Riviera. The sketch on the preceding page of the great olive at *Beaulieu* was taken on the 21st of April, 1880, and on the 23rd a madman set the tree on fire, and attempted to destroy himself in the flames.¹

The heated pedestrian may refresh himself at the pretty little auberge *de Beau Rivage*, where the refreshments are good and dear. It is wise to take the advice of Monsieur Jules Bessi in his *Guide des Étrangers*. "*On y trouve des auberges, mais les prix y sont tels, que la plupart des touristes ont pris l'habitude d'apporter leurs provisions de Nice.*"

The weary can return by rail.

¹ I hear from Nice (Dec. 1880) that, though the grand old tree is a sad wreck, numerous scions are springing up around it.

CHAPTER IX.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

INDEED the rail aforesaid—*vice* the old diligence superseded—is to the excursionist the most constant



and the least costly of all his auxiliary forces. Tired with a long walk to *Eza* or to *Turbia*—and to both

these places, as among the most picturesque in the Riviera, he must go—the steam horse snorts a welcome, and conveys him, secure from all the risks of rapidity, to the *Avenue de la Gare*; or it takes him to and fro along the coast; westward by the race-course—our squire went to the races, and came back delighted with the quiet order of all the arrangements, and the proof which he had witnessed that it was possible to be merry and wise, to be happy without alcohol, and to be believed without an oath—to the *Var station*, whence the pedestrian will find a delightful walk by the river, and abundance of primroses in the early spring; to *Vence-Cagnes*, with the interesting old town of *Cagnes* on the hill hard by; to *Antibes*, the old *Antipolis*, where he may spend his day most pleasantly, going from the fortifications to the lighthouse, enjoying the glorious views in the forenoon, lunching *al fresco* (if at the *Hôtel de Belle Vue, à prix fixe*, or the little bill will surprise him), and visiting in the afternoon, having ascertained the day on which the public are admitted, or having a private introduction, the gardens bequeathed to the French nation by that distinguished botanist, M. Thuret, and now under the skilful supervision of M. Naudin. From the house of this latter gentleman, who, with his guest, M. Vilmorin,

the well-known horticulturist of Paris, treated us most courteously, we saw one of the loveliest scenes of our tour, looking over a large lawn, in which anemones of every colour were glowing amid the grass, bordered first by a belt of rare shrubs and trees, and then by the blue Mediterranean, with the old fortress of *Antibes* beyond, and, far away in the distance, the snow-capped mountains of the maritime Alps. M. Vilmorin told us that he had just written to England for rose-trees, having lost his own from the severity of the winter, so that we poor frozen-out gardeners may find some little comfort in the fact that ours is not always, as we are but too apt to describe it, the very worst climate in the world.

At the next station, and quite *à propos* of roses, at *Golfe-Juan* the traveller may visit the very interesting nurseries of *M. Nabonnand*, and he who has enriched our stock of tea-scented roses with the beautiful *Madame Lambard* and *Madame Nabonnand* will probably have some new *débutante* to introduce to his admiration. Or from *Golfe-Juan* he may reach *Vallauris*, famous since the days of the Romans for its artistic pottery, which he may see in process of manufacture under the grave, thoughtful artist, *M. Clement Massier*; or may purchase from his *placens uxor*, an Englishwoman, for the ornamentation of his house or as presents to his friends, and

which, having prepaid the carriage, he will find safely awaiting him when he reaches home.

From *Golfe-Juan* we come to *Cannes*, "the neat village," which Smollett saw among the reeds, from which it takes its name; "*un hameau misérable*," as Saussure describes it, in 1787, "*composé de deux ou trois rues à peine habitées par quelques matelots*;" now the favourite resort of crowned heads, and coronets, and wealthy folk, from England, France, Russia, Prussia, Italy, and America! Damp, dirty, despised little *Cannes*, now *Cannes, la coquette, la charmante, la superbe, la magnifique*! Grand houses, where there were only huts, and fair gardens where all was bare and bleak; empresses and duchesses in costly equipages upon smooth roads, where the poor fisher dragged his net on the shingle.

And whence this transformation? From the meddlesome impudence of the police, from "*les tracasseries de police Sarde*," who, dressed with a little brief authority, detained Lord Brougham on his way to Italy, "*le grand Chancelier, fuyant les brouillards du Nord*," on the plea that he had the cholera concealed about his person, and wished to smuggle it into the adjoining country. Thus arrested on his journey he explored the surrounding district, and, struck with the climate, scenery, and vegetation of *Cannes*, determined there to build himself a

winter home. This he did, something less than half a century ago ; and that great and good man, statesman, lawyer, orator, wit, and, better than all these, lover and teacher of his fellow-men, lived to see the small village of the fishermen the selected spot of all the Mediterranean shores, and the home of ten thousand souls !

Bright, prosperous, aristocratic Cannes ! Royalty, nobility, fair women and brave men, gaze in fond admiration on your islands and your seas, on that scene of transcendent beauty, which makes one sigh with happiness, looking towards the lovely roseate Esterels—but you are not to be compared with Nice, or to be compared only as Addington to Pitt, when Canning answered, “ Ah, yes, I see,

“ As Pitt is to Addington,
So is London to Padlington.”

“ And what may you Niçois think of Cannes ? ” we were asked during one of our visits, by a gentleman, who seemed to doubt our good taste in intruding within the sacred precincts of his *table d'hôte*, and surprised that we were not dazzled by its galaxy of splendour, gasping for breath like the Queen of Sheba in the palace of Solomon, and struck with “ that sort of dropping-down-deadness,” which a certain bishop, so said Sydney Smith, expected to see in his clergy.

"Oh," answered the Posey, affecting the benevolent, patronising air of a Government Inspector to the boys at a village school, or of a young Etonian expressing his approval of some Act of Parliament, "we like it, we do indeed. It's a pretty little place is Cannes. Comic imitation of our *Promenade des Anglais!* but, no doubt, those stunty palms will grow. You have by far the finest collections of hotels and smells we have met with, and they are very fine at Nice. Your historical records, if not numerous, appear to be singularly authentic. We firmly believe the information imparted to us about fourteen times whenever we come to Cannes, that the Man in the Iron Mask was imprisoned in the *Island of Saint Marguerite*, and that the Marshal de Bazaine, favoured by the night and by the jailers, effected his escape from the same dungeon."

"Perhaps, sir," said the mover of the debate, sarcastically, "you may be disposed to admit that the people whom one meets on our comic promenade are as respectable as those at Nice."

"I am not speaking of people," replied the Posey, "or, while I admitted that our title of '*Baie des Anges*' did not apply to our visitors, I should certainly decline to transfer it to either of your bays at *Cannes*, and should, moreover, express my conviction that your con-

tingent to *Monte Carlo*, shamming to go there from love of music, from curiosity, to amuse themselves with vice, because 'they give you such a capital dinner,' is far more culpable, because far more influential, and therefore responsible, than our regular army of avowed, professional gamblers. I am not speaking of persons, nor of bricks, or rather stones, and mortar, but of places, and I maintain that as regards its position, its climate, its history, its diversity and range of beauty, *Nice*, with her suburbs and surroundings, is, as she was in the time of the Romans, and as she always will be, Queen of the *Riviera*."

Cannes has three special attractions which *Nice* does not possess—(1) the *Esterel* mountains, in their marvellous beauty of form and colour ; (2) the golden glories of *Acacia dealbata*, as seen in the grounds of Monsieur Tripet, of the Chevalier Colquhoun, at his villa, appropriately named "Les Mimosa," and in many a pleasant plot beside ; and (3), the most remarkable, charming, interesting garden which I have ever seen or heard of. I do not mean the garden of Lord Brougham, beautiful as it is in its natural, tasteful grace, and in its command of lovely prospects ; nor do I refer to the garden of the Duc de Vallombrosa, admirable as it is for its cultural skill, and its precious treasures in trees and

shrubs (never shall I forget my glad surprise on first seeing the grand tree of deciduous magnolia, covered with its large globular white purple-tinted flowers); but I allude to the garden of Monsieur Camille Dognin, at the *Valetta Californie*. I have seen many of the most renowned gardens of England, and Scotland also, but never anything like this; and when, after two most happy hours with the owner, I had passed through its wonderful diversity of trees and flowers, landscape and seascape, from the summit of the mountain, on which it is laid out, to the hot dusty road beneath, it was like waking from some glorious vision of beauty to a sorrow or to a pain, and suggested to my memory that exceeding bitter cry—

“Must I then leave thee Paradise?”

Eastward, the rail takes us, viâ *Villefranche*, *Beaulieu*, and *Eza*, to *Monaco*, and a day at *Monaco* is one of the happiest and saddest memories which we bring home from France. Happiest, because nothing can be more picturesque than the old fortifications, high on the promontory above; and the hand of the artist moves unconsciously to his sketch-book, as he mounts the hill, with the great lemon grove on his left, and on his right the slopes, covered with ferns and ivies, purple stocks and golden euphorbias, with genistas, blue-bells,



MONACO.

and thyme. On the level ground atop there is the most glorious specimen of *Bougainvillea spectabilis*, covering a large portion of the front of the prince's house, and across the square you look down over great beds of agaves, rising out of scarlet pelargoniums and purple and white iris, in indescribable beauty. The steep rocks beyond are covered with the prickly pear from summit to sea. Hence to the gardens, where you wander by hedges of geranium, ten feet high, by banks covered with creeping flowers, by huge bushes of the *Teucrium frutescens*, the woolly *Salvia*, with its pale blue flowers, amid glowing aloes, gaudy gazanias, lovely mesembryanthemums, purple, rose, and pale yellow, and daisies white as snow, ever and anon having the most charming glimpses of the coast and sea.

But what is that huge, ugly building in the pretty grounds below? Ah! there is the saddest memory we bring home from the Riviera; for that great vulgar gaud, with its black dome and its lamps adorned with Satanic horns—the dream, it might be, of some fourth-rate builder, after supping on parboiled pig,—is the new concert-room, connected with the great gambling establishment which defiles the Riviera, and disgraces Europe, for the benefit of the Prince of Monaco and his execrable suite. Pigeons were sitting on the roof of the *Maison*

de Feu, and were doubtless being plucked inside, for this sin-trap is seldom empty. "The best band in the world," gorgeous apartments, brilliantly lighted, rich food and luscious wines, and shameless women, are very tempting baits; and if the fish nibbles, he will most probably swallow the hook, because the craving for play grows like the craving for alcohol. If the doves come into that pretty garden, the vulture will make short work of them (*see following page*). Gambling and drinking are swift to destroy the instincts of conscience, the nerve of honour, the religious light. The Prince of Monaco is blind, bodily, spiritually, and so are his courtiers at Monte Carlo, although they say "We see."

But people will gamble, it is urged; why not openly, instead of in secret? Because, though it must needs be that offences comes, woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! Woe to him "who puts sharp weapons in a madman's hands,"—to him, or to her, who, under any pretext, countenances and supports a wicked system, which has brought disgrace and misery and poverty to many hearts and homes, has embittered and shortened many a life, and ruined many a soul.

A young man was boasting one night in the train that he had been to hear the music at Monte Carlo (hundreds go to hear the music, with about as much



appreciation as the man who "only knew two tunes—one was *God save the Queen*, and the other wasn't"), and had won enough to pay for a capital dinner, wine and weeds, and thirty five-franc pieces besides. "That has an evil sound, sir," said an old man in the carriage. "Thirty pieces of silver! A poor ruined gambler shot himself the other night in the grounds of Monte Carlo. I hope it was not his money you won, for, if so, it was the price of blood." †

If there be any who really doubt the disastrous results perpetually produced by this iniquitous institution, let him read the records of the Court of Assize of the Maritime Alps, of the Correctional Tribunal at Nice, and let him ask hotel-keepers at Nice and Cannes whose bills were unpaid, and why?

And, therefore, all honour to those men, few in number—"the fewer men the greater share of honour"—but strong in their righteous purpose, who have set the battle in array against the Princes of Monaco and of darkness.

All honour to those men of Nice, including the ministers of religion, the mayor, judges, counsellors,

† Can it be right to accept such money?—as it is freely accepted when offered by M. Blanc to the Roman clergy and others. Would not the Apostles have said, "Thy money perish with thee"?

professors, proprietors, physicians, hotel-keepers, and tradesmen who appealed to "Messieurs les Sénateurs et à Messieurs les Deputés Français," to legislate against this deadly evil, strengthening their petitions with the particulars of *eighteen suicides*, and a like number of judicial cases, caused by loss of money at Monte Carlo!

All honour to the editors and writers, such as those of *La Colonie Etrangère* and *La Nouvelle Figaro*, who are not to be bought with a bribe, who do not basely interpret "Speech is silver, silence is golden," into "Pay me, and I will say anything or nothing,"—who are not "*soudoyés*," as the majority are suspected to be, "*les uns payés pour parler, les autres pour se taire*."

And all honour to my brave, beloved friend, Jacques Renou, Professeur, whom I saw standing almost alone upon the great stage of a theatre, speaking manly, eloquent, righteous words to a small but select audience (it included the consul, the venerable chaplain, and others, earnest and influential), and denouncing that accursed pestilence, which men call Play.

There is not, I believe, in all the world, a place in which the Ten Commandments are so commonly and continuously broken as at Monte Carlo. The sentence is pronounced, "Thou hast greedily gained of thy neigh-

bours by extortion, and hast forgotten Me, saith the Lord God. Behold, therefore, I have smitten My hand at thy dishonest gain, which thou hast made, and at thy blood, which hath been in the midst of thee." "The people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play, and were destroyed of the destroyer."

We had a delightful day at Mentone. How could it



be otherwise, seeing that we were welcomed and royally entertained by the king? With a wreath of his own beautiful roses I crown Dr. Henry Bennet King of Mentone, because he rules, or ought to rule, in the

grateful affections of all who care for it. As the author of that most interesting and instructive book, *Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean*, as a skilful physician, and as a zealous citizen, he has promoted to an incalculable extent the prosperity of Mentone and the comfort and health of its visitors. And he has another right to this regal epithet; he is a King of Spades. In the garden at Alton Towers, it is inscribed beneath the statue of a former Earl of Shrewsbury, that he made the desert smile; but under a statue of Dr. Bennet a far more difficult achievement might be recorded, that he robed bare rocks with beauty—*Robur et æs triplex circa pectus erat*—when he bought that bleak mountain and its surroundings from twenty-seven small *propriétaires*, and resolved to change it into a garden; and, though the labour of blasting, conveying soil, building walls, levelling and digging must have been immense, there is the beautiful garden, glowing with roses (the tea-scented in perfection), with *salvias*, *nasturtiums*, *sparaxis*, *ixias*, *carnations*, *petunias*, *cinerarias*, with the silver foliage and scarlet flowers of the *Sutherlandia*, the soft rosy lilac of the *Iberis Gibrallarica*, the most charming of all the candytufts, and with countless gems besides—*Centaurea candidissima*, twelve feet in circumference, *camellias*, thriving, as well they might, in

soil imported for their special benefit from the Lago Maggiore; experiments in *orange-trees*, to which I have referred, with a view to general distribution for the improvement in the quality of the fruit; a pretty row of young *palms*, one of which was thrice the size of the rest, having sagaciously sent down its roots into a tank five yards below it, thus verifying the Arab's rule, that the palm loves to have his head in the flame, and his feet in the water.

Our genial host allowed us little time to admire his treasures, or the glorious view from the old Saracenic tower in his grounds, being determined to give us all the pleasure in his power, and drove us accordingly to inspect Mr. Hanbury's famous gardens, and therein the grandest *agaves* which we saw in France—*picta*, with leaves seven feet in length, *applanata*, *striata*, and other varieties, one of which had borne a thousand flowers! With these were countless specimens of trees and plants, rare and beautiful, ornamental, useful, and grotesque; the *Casuarina quadrivalvis*, with leaves like the feathers of its namesake, the Cassowary, *Pereskia subulata*, a cactus, with woody branches, *Raphiolepis salicifolia*, *Euphorbia Abyssinnica*, fifteen feet in height, giant *Ferulas* in bloom, and *Opuntias* in fruit; and of flowers, the fragrant *Stauntonia latifolia* (introduced by Sir George Staunton

from China), the *Echium fruticosum*, with great blue spikes like a *Delphinium*, exquisite specimens of the single *Banksian rose*, &c., &c. We saw, but needed not to taste, the *Catha edulis*, which the Arabs used, before the introduction of coffee as a cure for drowsiness, and, as they said, for low spirits also ; for we were enlivened both by *café* and cheerful converse in Mr. Hanbury's charming home, by that kindly welcome which all true lovers of a garden know so well how to give and to enjoy.

Mentone itself, though it has not the diversified attractions of *Nice* nor the bright vivacity of *Cannes*, has charms manifold and special—scenery, both grand and gentle, bleak rocks and sheltered vales, the richest
+ flora of all this floral coast, and the mildest and least variable climate also—*température la plus douce et uniforme*, as witness the flowers aforesaid, and the fruit-clad lemon-groves. There is a legend that Eve brought nothing out of Paradise, except a lemon, which in her wanderings she left at *Mentone*; and another, equally authentic, that a gentleman, calling on a friend, left his stick outside the door, forgot it, and, repeating his visit next year, found it grown into a flourishing tree.

Suggesting the economies of time and money, which are offered to the tourist by the rail, I do not forget that the route from *Nice* to *Mentone* by road is one of the

most remarkable for scenic beauty which this fair world can show ; nor that there are many excursions of special interest, such as the ascent of *Monte Chauve* and of *St. Jeannet*, the visit to *Château Neuf*, which he must make on wheels, so far as wheels can go.

En route to the latter, and passing through one of the most impressive scenes in the Riviera, the wild mountain gorge of *St. André*, you are shown *La Caverne des Voleurs*, and your *cocher* will probably inform you that his father remembers the time when there were brigands on these very roads. Receiving this intelligence, the Posey, who was on the box of the carriage, assured the driver, not only that he fully believed it, but that many of the descendants of these banditti were now in full practice at Nice, Monte Carlo, and elsewhere. They work, he added, upon an improved system, far more safe and profitable ; and you will not catch them asleep, like their simple ancestors, who, having pillaged the carriage of the Marchioness of Bute, drank a bottle of opium, which her ladyship carried about as a medicine, under the idea that it was a costly liqueur, and were found, prostrate and stupified, in a field close by, by the *gendarmes* who came in pursuit.¹

¹ Les Lascaris de Tende et autres Grimaldis de l'époque pratiquaient plus confortablement cette honnête industrie, à l'abri de leurs châteaux forts.

Bordighera, like tobacco, is an acquired taste ; and they who do not acquire dislike. Discouraged from further experiment by the nauseous misery of a first cigar or pipe, men have denounced smoking as a low and poisonous use. Deceived by a cursory glance at *Bordighera*, the visitor has given his verdict with hasty and severe disparagement. A friend of my own solemnly assured me, that it was "impossible to remain for twenty-four hours on such a dingy spot, unless a fellow was gifted with a supernatural relish for stagnation, and felt it his duty to be buried alive."

It is a little disappointing, like the first cigar, on arrival, and, to those especially who have read Dr. Antonio, it looks rather drear and unfinished, in comparison with its grand and wealthy neighbours ; but it has manifold beauties for those who seek them. From its promontory point, you have the most extensive coast view of the Riviera ; and the varied effects of light and shade on this long line of mountain, city, and sea are endless and enchanting. *Bordighera*, like Jericho, is the "city of palms," and though in many instances the grace of the tree is destroyed by tying up the leaves, to *Pauvres grottes des temps passés ! quelle piètre mine vous feriez aujourd'hui, placées en regard des casinos, salons, et autres lieux, où des messieurs bien mis dépouillent le voyageur sans recourir aux poignards et aux escopettes égendaires.*"—*Nice Express*, p. 61.

bleach them, for use in the churches on Palm Sunday, we have here the most ancient, abundant, and interesting specimens in all Europe, with the exception, as Dr. Bennet tells us, of the palms of Elche in Spain.¹ The finest trees are those in the garden of the French Consul, and we enjoyed these all the more, because we had some delay and difficulty before we found them. We supposed that the *cocher*, who drove us from the hotel, had received definite instructions ; but, on reaching the summit of the hill, he turned round, and, addressing us in Italian, evidently desired further information. In simple though elegant French, we expressed our wish to visit the garden of Monsieur the French Consul. He shook his head, to intimate that we spoke to him in an unknown tongue. What was to be done ? One of our party, who never could be brought to see the gravity of a situation, began to be absurd. "Let him not suppose," he said, "that we know nothing of his beautiful language ;" and then he favoured us in a loud tone with miscellaneous fragments of Italian song, "*La chi darem la mano*," "*Ah, non giunge*," "*Non piu andrai*," "*Casta diva*," "*Tu vedrai*," "*Batti, batti*," &c. Whether in obedience to these latter words, or to some other instinct, I know not, but the driver gave his horse

¹ *Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean*, p. 231.

a cut with the whip, and, turning round took us down the hill, and stopped at the iron gates of a villa. We rang, and inquired was this the house of Monsieur the French Consul? "Ah, si, signor," replied the ancilla; and we saw, but not *the* Palms.¹

The reader, I think will admire as we did, the pretty peaceful church of Bordighera (*see opposite page*), with its colonnade of roses, and made yet "more glorious within" by constant and hearty worship.

The old town very closely resembles most of the other old towns, perched on hills, with watch-towers and steep fortifications, gay now with the valerian, anterrhinum, euphorbia, and countless other flowers, which gave every facility for descrying the approach of strangers and rendering their entrance unpleasant,—with streets made narrow for shade in the heat, and crossed here and there overhead with stone arches, "tying" the houses together, and so steadying them in time of earthquake; women at the doors spinning from a distaff, roasting coffee, interested in entymology (*verb. sap.*), men asleep, or smoking their cigarettos, on the steps of some massive,

¹ Pope Sixtus V. gave to Bordighera a special privilege of sending branches of the palm to Rome, because one of its natives, a sailor, when an unsuccessful attempt was made to raise an obelisk at the Vatican, suggested to the operators that they should "wet the ropes," and so doing they attained their object.

well-carved portals, which look strange amid their weird surroundings, and tell of bygone authority and wealth ;



THE CHURCH OF BORDIGHERA.

here a travelling tinker, with an umbrella for his workshop, heating his metal in a small charcoal stove ; there a

peasant under the hands of the barber, being close shaved, head and all ; and there a *marchand de viandes* has cooked a savoury dish over a brazier, and is just putting the finishing touch by pouring two or three drops of oil upon his snails, smiling benignly upon his first customer, a small boy, who, I think, has had a present, and is extracting one of the delicacies from its shell by means of a wooden pin. The *Place*, with its fountain and Hôtel de Ville, the spacious old church, with its beautiful Altars and its strange mixtures of precious paintings and unsightly daubs, its exquisite carving and its tawdry, tinsel rubbish, its splendour and its dirt, and its picturesque Campanile, with its coloured tiles, red, green, and yellow. Now you see, as in a street in Bordighera (*see opposite page*), a religious procession, the moving vestments, banners, and lights, contrasting so vividly with the dreary buildings around, that you long to be a painter ; now dark men in tall broad-brimmed hats, and bright-eyed women with gay kerchiefs, come through the archways as though you were at Her Majesty's Theatre ; now a beggar hardly thanks you if you give him a copper, and curses you if you don't ; now you pass a shrine of the Virgin, with a pretty offering of flowers in a homely mug ; and now a *buvette*, with a bush of withered pine above its door ;



A STREET IN BORDIGHERA.

and now, coming to some more open space, you have glimpses of the great mountains towering in the distance or of the deep blue sea below.

We saw little, but thought much, of *San Remo*. It



has not the grand sea view, with its manifold alternations of light and shade, nor the stately palm groves of Bordighera, but it has a much more bright and habitable look. The public boulevard and walks are prettily and tastefully laid out. The hotels are well built, and well placed on the higher ground, with gardens in front of them; and down the high banks and walls, which separate these gardens from the road, there are the most

beautiful cascades I ever saw—roseate, golden, purple, cataracts, far more admirable than the waterfalls, which they show you lit up with coloured fires at *Giesbach*, and which so soon disappear in the darkness amid “a villainous smell of saltpetre.” Far more lovely are these falling streams at *San Remo* of the Day-flower, *Meembryanthemum*, glowing in their own sunshine, and not suggesting “*un franc, s’il vous plait.*” Nevertheless, there is great artistic as well as natural beauty at San Remo. There is the studio of King Lear, of whom we have heard before (p. 61), and the marvellous coloured photographs, by Guidi, of the fruits and flowers of the Riviera. They who would show to their untravelled friends at home the most pleasing and accurate representations which can be had of the olive-tree, the orange-tree, the lemon-tree, the Eucalyptus, should give their orders to Guidi, some little time before their departure; the demand being generally in excess of the supply.

CHAPTER X.

MR. DOBSON.

RETURNING from *San Remo*, and reaching at a late hour the hotel from whence we came, we heard "a sound of revelry by night." We knew its meaning, because, in common with the other members of our *table d'hôte*, we had arranged a supper for the couriers and servants, male, of the hotel, to be followed on the succeeding eve by a tea and ball for the ladies. But we had not anticipated the mirthful sensations which were ours when, through the open windows of the *salle-à-manger*—the feast being over in Branksome Tower, and the time having arrived, so the chairman said, for 'armony—we heard loud shouts of "Dobson," "Dobe-song," "Monsieur Dobçon," and then, after the usual ridiculous attempts to conceal a feverish longing to sing, his ditty.

Next day I obtained a copy from the vocalist, through

his master, and though the chief charm of the performance was in the voice and manner—for there was melody in the one and much humour and action in the other—I indulge the hope that the reader may taste a *souçon* of the enjoyment, with which we heard

MR. DOBSON'S SONG.

AIR—" *The one-horse chay.*"

I've heard some folks maintain, upon deck and in the train,
As were going to foreign parts, looking grim—looking grim—
If you didn't know the lingo, that you might as well, by Jingo,
Be a chap chuck'd in the sea as couldn't swim—couldn't swim.
But I ne'er feel sad nor slow,
Though the language I don't know,
For I've found a way them foreigners to win—to win.
Just by saying, "*Oui, oui, oui,*"
Or, it may be, "*Si, si, si,*"
And by taking off your hat with a grin—with a grin.

If some erty dewyneer,¹ or hotel-keeper, look queer,
I keep bowing as respectful as I can—as I can ;
And I gives an umble look, as though gazing at a dook,
Till I know they thinks, " Oh, what a nice young man—young man."
So I ne'er feel sad nor slow, &c.

Should I meet a pretty girl, and my heart be in a whirl,
Can't I tell her what I'm feeling with a sigh—with a sigh ?
Why there's neither lass nor dame, nor a man that's worth the name,
As doesn't know the language of the hi—of the hi.
So I ne'er feel sad nor slow, &c.

¹ Douanier.

I don't need to be told that no woman's plain or old,
Or that all the men I meet are gentlemen—gentlemen.
It's "*Mamzel*" to five-and-thirty, and "*Mounseer*," however dirty,
And I slips in *Count* and *Viscount* now and then—now and then.
So I ne'er feel sad nor slow, &c.

If I do the least thing wrong, I cries out "*pardong, pardong!*"
And I sighs, and looks like dropping, in my woe—in my woe;
And away their anger flies, and there's pity in their eyes,
And pity's near akin to love, you know—you know.
So I ne'er feel sad nor slow, &c.

Thus on friendly terms I am with every fem-de-sham,
With the curriers, the coachays, and the gassuns too,—
Let who will look sad or glum, why some merry tune I hum,
And I says, "Now do be jolly," and they do—they do.
So I ne'er feel sad nor slow, &c.

The *bravos* were many, and the *encores* were loud ;
and we came from our covert in the shrubbery and
joined in them heartily, not only because we were
pleased with the song, but had a great liking for the
singer. Everybody liked him. In the first place he
was among valets as a Shakspeare among the poets. For
three generations a Dobson had been page, footman,
valet and under butler, and finally butler, in the Posey's
house, and a fourth was in training for the youthful heir.
So that, in these days of short service and mutual in-
difference, it was refreshing to see the strong attach-
ment which existed between the master and the servant ;

and he who said "No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*" would have withdrawn his statement had he witnessed the implicit faith with which Dobson maintained that there never was such a sportsman, such a soldier, such a gentleman, as our friend the Squire. Twice he had nursed him in a perilous time, once when sorely crushed by a fall in hunting, and once when wounded in battle, and his patient had fully reciprocated these attentions by watching him like a brother through a bad fever, and by bringing him out of deep water when he was nigh unto death.

If you were one of his master's friends, he could never do enough to please you. If you came on a visit, he received you with a mixture of respect and affection, which seemed to suggest that you were a combination of the Prince of Wales, with his twin brother whom he had not seen for years. He never forgot that after a journey my constitution always required a full-sized glass of "the old sherry," accompanied by a brown-bread biscuit. He "put out one's things" with a fascinating neatness which made one hesitate to disarrange them and dress for dinner, until memory suggested the transcendent skill with which he took the chill from the claret and put it on the champagne. In the art of ironing and presenting a newspaper he had no rivals,

and he had an expressive mode of bringing you your letters quite peculiar to himself. If they were from friends his manner of presentation seemed to say, "I offer to you, with cheerful sympathies, these proofs that you are beloved and sought after by the nobility and gentry of the land;" but if the manuscripts on his silver salver seemed to be "circulars," or, it might be, bills, then his whole demeanour was a protest and an apology—"It is profane to bring this execrable rubbish into such a presence as yours—kindly put it in the fire."

Unlike that "live emetic," the surly cur who is always snarling, "It ain't my place, I ain't paid to do that," Mr. Dobson never refused his help. He would "mark" and carry a brace of hares in the open, or beat the thickest briars in the wood. He could bowl a very decent "over," with a slight inclination "to leg," when his master was in, well knowing how thoroughly that gentleman enjoyed his favourite hit for four. He could drive, ride, row, sew, and cook. Start in the morning as early as you pleased, he had a bright fire and a hot breakfast in readiness. He must have had a princely income from tips, but of these he was not greedy. "When I first offered him half-a-sovereign" (said the Primate to me) "which I could ill spare—but I had been

staying some time with his master—he asked me, very modestly to do him a great favour by giving it to those who wanted it much more than he did ; and now, when I leave the house, we always go through the same performance—“ Oh, Dobson, I’ve a small present.”—“ Thank you, sir, greatly obliged, sir ; be so kind as to do as before, sir.”

His fellow servants liked him, and “ ’twas merry in *the Hall*,” wheresoever Dobson went. Children were fond of him, rode on his back, holding on by his whiskers, and brought him to utter confusion by addressing him as “ Dobbo, darling,” in the presence of company. Best of all, the poor folks had a great regard for him, not only as the welcome almoner of his generous master, who sent him to the old, the infirm, and the sick, with many a bottle of good wine, many a basket of good food, and many a parcel of warm clothing, but for the cheery words and hearty sympathies with which he came on his errands of mercy.

Some little time elapsed before he made any endeavours to gain the esteem of the French nation. He landed with a prejudice against it, and this was magnified at once by a mistake which he made (and visited, of course, on somebody else) in expressing his opinion at Calais that “ Mounseer knew which trade was best, for

he never see such a lot of butchers." Informed derisively that the blue blouses, which he supposed to be emblematic of slaughter, were the ordinary raiment of the working man, he seemed to think that, under the circumstances, it would be hopeless to look for any signs of merit in such a community as that. He set himself, on the contrary, to discover and denounce the infirmities of the French people. He said the country was nothing but chalks and stones, and the 'unting and shooting must be hawefil. The bread was sawdust with a dash of bran, and as for the wine, it was his opinion that they ought to spell their grapes with an i. Call *them* soldiers! he never see such a set o' sacks in his life, and his master, with a score of hussars, would finish off a regiment of such slovenly undersized sawnies, before you could bile a hegg. And those parsons; were they clergymen or clergywomen? for what with their shawls, and gownds, and sashes, and petticoats, it beat him to know their sect.

When we came to the olives and the mulberries, he declaimed indignantly against the occupation of so much land, and the employment of so much labour, in producing iles for salads and leaves for worms. He was disgusted when he first attended our *table d'hôte*, with the foreign fashion of wearing the dinner napkin under the chin.

"They look just as if they were going to be shaved," he said; "and I saw one party with a *meringue* in his mouth, who seemed as if he were ready lathered." The "men housemaids," cleaning the floors with brushes on their feet, were also objects of his scorn; and he was very angry at some of the smaller hotels, when he saw "100" painted upon a door, though there were not fifty rooms in the place.

Like Mr. Lillyvick, he had no opinion of the French language. It was bad enough to hear them Americans calling each other "cusses," but it was a hundred times worse to call ladies "dams." And what did they mean by *œufs à la coq*, as if the cock had layed 'em.¹

Thus for a brief period he waged war with France, and was so supercilious on our first arrival at Nice, that he provoked reprisals from a lively little garçon, who lost no opportunity of misleading him, in broken English, and substituting fiction for fact; informing him, for example, that the reports from the guns of the chasseurs on the mountains were from the firearms of brigands shooting at

¹ A friend of mine, famous for his pleasantries, sent a Dorking cock as a present to a neighbour, and placed an egg in the hamper. The *ruse* was a complete success, and he received a letter expressing great surprise. To this he replied that the cock in question was the only known bird who did it, and, yet more strange, it would be found on examination that he laid his eggs hard-boiled.

the tourists, and urging him to keep within the precincts of the hotel. But he was far too genial and gregarious for a prolonged quarrel, and he gradually ingratiated himself with all his companions, won, and returned their goodwill.

He began to laugh at his mistakes, as when he thought Meubles and Louer were house agents, seeing "*Meublés à louer*" on vacant dwelling-places, and was shocked to find Maison de Deuil on a shop, misreading the *u* as a *v*. He was encouraged to know that we all made magnificent blunders, conspicuously his beloved Squire, who went at the French language with all the fervid bravery which he exhibited in charging the Queen's enemies, or in riding over high Leicestershire. There was no doubt that he caused considerable embarrassment in a mixed company, by expressing to a lady, who was speaking of a *Béguinage*, his admiration of the good work done by the sisters in going out as *nourrices*, &c. He requested a hair cutter to cut his horses, *couper ses chevaux*; he went in for an ice when he saw an announcement of *modes et confections*, and for a pine-apple on seeing *pommes de pins*; and he was reported to have asked at a "*Magazin Horticole*," "*Avez-vous les magasins horticoles Anglais, Le Jardin, La Chronique, ou Le Magasin du Jardin, Le Journal d'Horticulture?*"

Even the two Oxonians, fresh from the seat of learning, and steeped in lore, did not seem to possess that thorough mastery of modern languages which they had, of course, attained over the ancient. Assured of the economy of living "*en pension*," and seeing "*Pensionnat*" at the entrance of some pretty grounds in the suburbs of Nice, they marched up to the portals of a girls' school, inquired for the proprietor, and interviewed *la mattresse d'école*. This lady, they informed us on their return to the hotel, was evidently of unsound mind ; but we quickly inferred, from their account of the conversation, that she was, on the contrary, a person of acute penetration, accompanied by a keen sense of humour. She had asked them, they said, whether they were prepared to go to bed at nine, and to Mass at six in the morning ? Did they wish to learn to dance ? Was afraid she could not allow *les bijoux*, glancing at their pins and watch chains. Would permit them occasionally to leave the garden, but should accompany them everywhere and always. "In short," said the chief narrator, "we were glad to get away, under the pretence that we had made a mistake, as the old lady, though probably harmless, had evidently, in the exquisite language of our modern minstrelsy, 'got a soft place in her head.'"

Wiser are they who are more reticent in their

accostals until their foreign experiences are enlarged, striving to imitate that distinguished Irishman who could proudly boast "that he knew how to hold his tongue in six different languages." There is another process, to ignore all speech which differs from your own, and to go on gaily discoursing in your native tongue, of course extending the same privilege to your companion ; but this plan rarely leads to successful results without some illustrative signs, as, when we saw three sailors from H.M.S. *Téméraire*, bargaining with the driver of a carriage to take them back to Ville Franche. The *cocher* held up five fingers, one of the blue jackets held up three, indicating the number of francs demanded and offered, each party talking at the top of his voice, and not understanding a word which the other said. Then the Frenchman dropped one of his fingers, and said, if messieurs would give four francs, he would be "*bien content*." "It's no blooming odds to we," said Jack, "whether you're content or not. If you don't take three francs, we shall walk." As we looked back we saw them driving away, and they, having recognised us as sons of Britannia, waved their hats in triumph.

Sometimes one meets with combinations of French and English which are perplexing and quaint. In one of the shops in the *Avenue de la Gare*, there is a

conspicuous announcement of the "*Parfumerie du High Life*." What does it mean? One knows something of the odour of high game or fish, and something of the *parfumerie du low life*, as apprehended in a crowd; but of this aristocratic aroma we know nothing, and can only hope that it has some of the fragrance of another scent which must be as sweet as it is rare, to wit, the odour of sanctity. Sometimes it is proposed, "*aller pic-nicer*" in "*le Grand Break*," or in "*une Élegante Milor*."

We return the compliment by borrowing words and idioms from our French friends. Would that we could borrow their happy power of conversation, their charming *causerie*, *badinage agréable*, *raillerie piquante*, and therewith the kindly, helpful *politesse*, with which they listen to our blunders, bad grammar, and excruciating twang. And this patient courtesy wears a special grace, when we remember that it is offered to us by those who have, as a rule, an immediate and intense enjoyment of the ridiculous, and can be severely sarcastic if they please.

Take examples. A very small, but conceited youth was boring two ladies, taller and older than himself, as they walked on the *Promenade des Anglais*, and, at last becoming conscious of the fact, raised his hat, and said, as he turned to leave them, "*Pardon, Mesdames—*

je suis de trop." " *Au contraire, Monsieur,*" replied one of his companions, "*vous n'êtes pas assez.*"

A writer, describing in one of our Nice newspapers a recent concert, in which a vocalist, who had lost her high notes, persisted in vain attempts to reproduce them, after giving every possible praise to that part of the performance which was within her range, professed a solemn regret that on several occasions, when she had arrived at the more difficult passages of the music, the bark of a little lap dog, which some person had imprudently brought into the room, caused a strange dissonance, and evoked unseemly laughter !

Another critic, noticing some amateur theatricals, and having praised the scenery, the dresses, the orchestra, the room, the company, the candles, the refreshments, the carriages and horses—everything in short *except* the acting—concluded by stating that the exertions of the prompter were beyond praise—his voice was distinctly heard throughout the evening, in every part of the theatre !



CHAPTER XI.

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.

THE prelude to the Carnival was the Battle of the Flowers, *La Bataille des Fleurs*, and was fought by the occupants of two rows of open carriages, of which there were more than five hundred,¹ as they met each other, going up and down the *Promenade des Anglais*. One of these was literally covered, four ponies, two postilions, harness, body, wheels, and all, with purple and white

¹ A large proportion of these belonged to the occupants, and yet it is little more than a century since there were only two private carriages in Nice, besides that of the Commandant.

violets. Some of them, but not many, were prettily framed with flowers, notably a landau edged round with bouquets of violets and iberis, and another with red camellias and roman hyacinths in alternation ; some had palm branches bearing long bunches of dates in front and rear, some had the spokes of the wheels covered with evergreens, and some the harness prettily decorated, one with red and white roses, which, though artificial, had a very pretty effect, and a good number had posies, chiefly of violets, rosebuds, and carnations, in baskets or lying on the seats, in readiness for the coming fray. But all who had witnessed former engagements were unanimous in deploring the great dearth of ammunition consequent upon the severity of the season and the early advent of Lent. “ *Tres peu de fleurs,*” sighs a bystander, “ *et pas du tout de bataille ;*” but the critic was too severe. The signal gun is fired, and though there was no general engagement, there were vigorous skirmishes here and there along the line, especially when two companies of intimate friends descried each other in the distance—literally scented the battle from afar, prepared for action, and then, meeting like ships of war, poured broadside after broadside at each other.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia was the distinguished hero of the scene. For a few seconds his

Highness seemed anything but Serene, and he looked vexed and astonished, as well he might, when some pedestrians in carnival costume commenced close to his carriage their loud chorus—

“ Le Voila !
Nicola !
Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! ”

but it was speedily explained that they were only singing the popular ditty, heard just now everywhere in Nice, and he again betook himself with hearty goodwill to a liberal distribution of Russian violets. There was also a Prussian officer in the fray, said to have had a large variety of horses killed under him in the Franco-German war ; and as I saw these representative men pelting their French friends with flowers, I thought sadly of Sebastopol and Sedan. I felt ashamed of those wars and fighting, which, plead and argue as we may, spring, as St. James tells us, from our own lusts—our lusts for revenge or for power.¹

But the sermon must end with the text to-day, and only for a moment, above the music of the band and the laughter and din, is heard the voice of the preacher.

¹ The contrasts between war and peace were yet more strikingly illustrated when, at a repetition in Mid-Lent (*Mi-Carême*) of this Fight of the Flowers, the French squadron came from Golf-Juan and, drawing up in line of battle, kept up a continuous fire.

The Battle of the Bouquets goes gaily on, though here and there are combatants so sparing of their cartridges as to justify the suspicion which I heard more than once, that they had hired their flowers for the day. One gentleman (*non generosus*), of whom it might be said, as of Mrs. Gilpin, that "though on pleasure he was bent, he had a frugal mind," displayed a brilliant proof of his economical genius, sublime in its simplicity. Whenever he met a carriage with a large supply of flowers he threw towards it a very pretty bouquet, generally receiving a similar gift in response, but as he had previously attached to his posey a long piece of elastic, it was suddenly withdrawn ere it reached the hands outstretched to receive it, and the wily angler went on adown the stream, with another fish in his basket, to cast again his fallacious fly.

The roughs (or *rouges*, for there is much affinity) exerted themselves, as usual, to mar the proceedings and annoy the performers. *Les gamins de Nice* (I find the word *gamin* charmingly explained in the admirable *Dictionnaire Universel*, by Littré and Beaujeau, as *un enfant dissipé, un petit garçon mal tenu, qui vagabonde*), forced their way through the lines of soldiers, who were supposed to keep the road from intruders, but who interested themselves much more in conversing with

their friends, and, intercepting the bouquets, either quarrelled for them and pulled them to pieces, or, securing them uninjured, sold and resold them to any purchasers whom they found. I was not sorry to see two of my countrymen suddenly emerging from time to time out of a low, doorless carriage and freely administering the cuff Anglican and the kick British to these obnoxious visitors.

Alas! the *gamin* is not the only evil spirit who intrudes upon the peaceful innocence of this pretty scene. Some years ago, as it was told to me, a bouquet was thrown to a beautiful woman as she passed in a carriage with her husband. The latter quickly and roughly took it from her, and as he untied and examined it the wife fainted away. The carriage immediately left the line. There was a note in the nosegay, and before another day had passed, the hand which wrote it was stiff and cold in death.

The Carnival itself, which is now considered to be more elaborate in its arrangements than any other Carnival in Christendom, however inferior it must be as to associations, surroundings, and motives to that which is held in Rome, announced itself on the walls of the city a month before it took place; and the Committee of Organisation, which included the chief

civic authorities, princes, marquises, vicomtes, and comtes, offered prizes, varying in value from 4,000f. to 200f., for the best *chars* (a group of actors, with scenery arranged on platform and drawn by horses); for the best *cavalcades* of twenty cavaliers mounted on horses, and of thirty and twenty mounted upon asses; for the best pedestrians in fancy costumes, *mascarades à pied*; and for the best single specimens of horseman, assman, and footman. Then the windows of the *marchande de modes*, *costumier*, *tailleur*, and *teinturier* were bright with gaudy clothing; masks stared, scowled, and simpered, or offered themselves in simple wire, silk and pasteboard, to the less ambitious mind. Sacks of *confetti*, with smaller bags, to be slung, when filled, over the shoulder, marked "*Carnaval de Nice, 1880*," and tin scoops from which to propel the white shower of comfits, stood open at the doors of the confectioner. The *paveurs* began to take up the stones of the streets through which the procession (*Corso de Gala*) was to pass, so that tall poles (*Mats Venitiens*) might be fixed for the streamers, flags, escutcheons, and coloured lamps; and between these masts, as the time drew near, an admirable representation of palms was set up by arranging cut branches of that graceful tree upon the brown trunks of firs, selected from the woods, felled,

and cut into lengths of some 8ft. or 9ft., and fixed 2ft. or 3ft. in the ground. Together with these firs came loads of evergreens, which were tastefully used in combination with gay draperies, ribbons, and artificial flowers, for the decorations of the windows and balconies by which the pageant was to pass. The streets thus ornamented had such a happy look when I first saw them under a turquoise sky, that one felt inclined to propose musically, "*Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,*" with one cheer more for the greens and the yellows and all their relative tints. Specially gay was the Rue St. François de Paul from one end to the other, and from parapet to basement a brilliant kaleidoscope of colour.

Turba ruit—a crowd of visitors arrived at Nice. Our promenade exhibited a mile and a half of carriages, and, between these vehicles and the blue Mediterranean, an equal extent of infantry. When the Band Municipal, or the Band Military, was playing in the Jardin Public, there were times in which the great stacks of chairs were all dispersed and occupied. The shop windows, those especially which displayed flowers, marqueterie, pottery from Vallaurais, preserved fruits, and other confections, were surrounded by admirers, and the clever angler within, expertly placing his brilliant flies before the very

nose of his quarry, caught an abundance of gold and silver fish.

And now there came a momentous question and a solemn disputation at our *table d'hôte*, whether or no, as conscientious Christians and as loyal Churchmen, we could give our countenance to the grand *début* of the Carnival, which was announced for Sunday, at 2 P.M. The ladies and gentlemen on the opposition benches, or chairs, expressed their opinions that the Carnival was pagan, popish, ritualistic, pantomimic; and, though it might be excusable to laugh at it on a week-day, it would be inconsistent and profane on the Sabbath to take any part in such proceedings. There were some of us, including our Primate, who maintained, on the contrary, that they who, in obedience to the directions of the Church of England, regarded Friday as a fast, might regard Sunday as a festival, and having joined in the highest act of worship and other services of their Church, might avail themselves without hesitation of an opportunity, which might not recur, of witnessing a ceremony, religious in its origin, and still bringing much innocent pleasure to large assemblies of people, including many thousands of working folks, whose cares are many, and whose holidays are few.

Going down on Sunday, accordingly, from our hotel

to Nice for our early Celebration, we heard the incongruous sounds of cannons booming (*salves d'artillerie*), and bells ringing for Mass, and saw the *paysans*, in their best coats and gayest kerchiefs, coming down from their mountain homes to the *fête*. At 2 P.M., with my mask and note-book in readiness, and my pencil so finely pointed, that I felt proudly sure the world would say, "*Rem acu tetigisti*," I took my seat on the Grande Tribune in front of the Prefecture, the best place for seeing the spectacle, because there is located the committee, and before the committee all the actors halt to be scrutinised, with a view to the adjudication of the prizes. The day was warm and cloudless, the eye was pleased with brilliant colours and the ear with jubilant music, when a great gun gave the signal, and on came the Carnival!

More than a hundred Arabs (it was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties to count and to annotate, through a wire mask, in a rattling hailstorm of *confetti*, which came from all quarters), preceded by the standard of the Prophet, and dancing, juggling, falling down to worship, and ever and anon tossing in a blanket the figure of a man, cleverly made, life-size, from gutta-percha inflated, and representing *le Carnaval en effigie*.

Then single figures, conspicuously a man clad in ivy

as completely as the mantled tower, all ivy even to his large eye-glass; an enormous bonbon, with the face of the wearer appearing at intervals at the centre, the cincture of bright ribbon forming a gay necktie, and the feet emerging from the fringe below; Punchinello on horseback, his real legs concealed, and the sham substitutes dangling helplessly; a man covered with cocoons and silks, representing *Sériculture*; and then—

The first *char*, or platform group (to which the first prize of 4,000f. was ultimately awarded), drawn by six horses, and containing *Les Vélocipèdes*, half a score of them, under a pretty pavilion, gilt and coloured, well dressed in complete jockey costume *à l'Anglaise* (with the addition of large bouquets), and working away at their bicycles. The floor on which they are placed revolves, with an accompaniment of internal music like our merry-go-rounds, and the riders seem to be pursuing each other with an endless and hopeless zeal. They must have had somewhat confused ideas of the Carnival before they had run their course.

After the bicyclists, an immense melon on a dish (puns being permitted at Carnivaltide, I may add that the legs of the proprietor were dishcovered underneath), which suddenly fell in slices, and made a frill round the wearer's head.

Then Flora followed Pomona, in the form of a huge carnation with two buds, affixed, doubtless, to the hands of the florist; and then—not to notice individually a host of pierrots, harlequins, brigands, pantaloons, peasants, &c., which appeared everywhere in the procession from beginning to end—a complete set of dominoes, each domino about 4ft. by 2ft.; a cock, mounted on horseback, a stick of barley-sugar, a branch of coral, and then—

Char No. 2—*A Winter Scene in Siberia*, artistically and accurately representing a small chapel of stone, surrounded by fir-trees, with snow hanging from their branches. A hermit enters with breviary, and soon afterwards the horn of the bear-hunter is heard, and horsemen appear among the trees. This *tableau* caught fire when in front of the Grand Tribune, and the snow blazed with unusual rapidity; but it received, nevertheless, the second prize of 3,000f., with an additional 200f. for the courageous conduct of its inmates when they were under fire. Had this accident not occurred, the arrangement was made for the snow to disappear before the warmth of Spring, and the whole *char* would have been covered with flowers.

Next comes a military troop, mounted on donkeys, and having tortoises, large as life, erect upon their

helmets, to indicate, I presume, the deliberate character of their manœuvres.

And now we have *Char* No. 3, *Les Nègresses*, a number of black females, dancing round two ditto ditto in a pagoda—said by some to be sun worshippers, by others a scene from *Aïda*—and pouring *confetti* upon the spectators from vessels of such “a questionable shape” that I must only say that they exactly resembled Mambrino’s helmet.

Following a rabbit, playing on a drum, walks with stately tread an elephant, carrying the figure of an Indian on his back. There is a man evidently in the fore and another in the hinder legs. Now make ready for a surprise. Eight men, with white extinguishers, nearly concealing them (the extinguishers are supposed to represent musical horns, and the group is termed *Cornets à Surprise*), range themselves before the committee. Each extinguisher has on it a letter of the word “surprise,” and fastened to its apex a coloured balloon, an enlarged edition of those commonly sold in our streets. Suddenly and at once, to the loud delight of the spectators, up go the balloons, with gay ribbon attached, the cornets disappear, and we have eight clowns in costume, capering and jabbering *ad lib.*

Enter a man, followed by a box, which he touches :

the lid flies back, and up jumps our old friend Jack; and not far away, between a big fiddle and a harlequin riding a cock, another companion of our childhood, *Le Chat Botté*, Puss in Boots. And lo! there is our terror, Blue Beard, with a sword nearly a foot in width, and a key a yard in length, and having his murdered wives, (large dolls) secured by their hair to his waistband.

There is not much to admire in the remaining *chars allégoriques*, one representing a ruined tower, with swallows, more like bats or crows, rising and falling on movable rests at the top, and the other the Queen of Flowers reposing in a shell, and surrounded by the usual nymphs; but I have yet to mention the best masquerade on foot, a number of bronze candlesticks, in the familiar shapes of kings and warriors, having giant candles on their heads, with coloured fringes, and carefully dusted from time to time by an attentive footman in gorgeous livery.

A great cavalcade of clowns closes the procession, and is welcomed with a ringing outburst of laughter as they go through their usual antics, riding on, with their faces turned to tail, peeping from underneath their donkeys, tumbling off, and tumbling on again.

I would not have the man who sneers and growls at this merriment for a travelling companion, though he

would pay all expenses, because I know that I should not love nor trust him. Our early sympathies with harmless pleasures, our readiness to rejoice and to make others happy, are certainly not included among those "childish things" which we are to put away in manhood. They are most conspicuous, on the contrary, in those whom we admire the most.

Alphonse Karr expresses an opinion, in his delightful *Tour Round my Garden*, that lunatic asylums are erected, here and elsewhere, in order that strangers, seeing some poor creatures shut up under the name of madmen, may conclude that all the outsiders are in a sane condition of mind; and I am quite sure that there were individuals who kept aloof from the Carnival, and denounced it as a contemptible folly, who were, nevertheless, far more foolish, as regards the main duties and purposes of life than many whom they so despised.

I will add but one more incident. On Shrove Tuesday, the great day of the Carnival, the rain, after six weeks of fine weather, fell heavily. In the quaint language of a Nice newspaper—" *Le soleil fait défaut de notre programme, et a continué cette mauvaise plaisanterie*;" or, as the coachman explained a similar disappointment (see Mr. Augustus Hare's *Winter at Mentone*) "*Le Bon Dieu oubliait que c'était jour de*

Fête." What was to be done ? It is related that when, many years ago, it was discovered that the great annual pleasure fair at Lichfield would occur on the first day of Lent, the difficulty was discussed by the civic authorities in council assembled, and was promptly, unanimously, and effectually surmounted by putting off Ash-Wednesday for a fortnight. The Committee of Organisation at Nice, bravely sacrificing their ecclesiastical scruples, postponed proceedings until the weather was dry, and on the first Thursday in Lent, after repeating the Sunday programme, the gigantic figure of the Carnival was burnt before the Prefecture, amid the firing of guns and the shouts of the people ; and that great multitude dispersed without (so far as I saw or heard) a quarrel or a sign of drunkenness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRIMATE'S SERMON.*

PSALM cxlviii. 9.—“Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees, and all cedars,
. . . praise the Name of the Lord.”

I WAS pleased yesterday to see a peasant, who was coming from the country to Nice, raise his hat in humble reverence, as he passed by a way-side cross (*see opposite page*) ; and surely it is good for us all, absorbed as we are in our pleasures, in our cares, and alas, in those sins which do most easily beset us, forgetful as we are of things belonging to our peace, to be thus reminded of that holy Saviour, Who one day shall be our Judge.

The man went on his way and on his work, but I stood there, thinking how all the scene around me seemed to take up its parable from the Cross, and that, though there was neither speech nor language, I was surrounded by open-air preachers, all exhorting me to remember the Great Teacher, and the lessons which He taught.

* Preached in the church of St. Michael (Rue St. Michel), at Nice.

Because that, which is true everywhere, seems specially strikingly true here, in the Riviera. I mean,



that God fulfils Himself in many ways, and though men may refuse to hear His messengers and to read His

Word, He hath not left Himself without witnesses to make known His Divine intentions, and to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. Not only do the Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork ; so does the great and wide sea also : not only does the world in which we live "by suffering worn and weary, yet beautiful as some fair angel still," proclaim the power and love of its Maker ; but the blessings and the perils of Redemption also are taught to us everywhere.

Consider, in proof, the holy associations specially suggested by the scenery which lies in all its loveliness around us.

First the olive-tree. "The trees," we read, "went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, and they said unto the olive, Reign thou over us ;" and not only does it beautify this country with a royal grace (making it bright in midwinter with a summer smile) ; not only does it enrich it with a royal bounty, supplying food, and fuel, and light ; but it is, like Solomon, a king among the preachers. It takes up its parable, and tells how the white dove came home at eventide over the dark waters, and lo ! in her mouth was an olive leaf, plucked off : so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.

And God has told us that as surely as this world, in which we live, came forth, strangely altered, when the Great Flood went down, so hereafter a new heaven and a new earth shall rise from the ashes, when the Great Fire burns out, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Only righteousness—nothing vile, mean, corrupt, unchaste proud, profane ; only righteousness. Are you seeking it, from Him Who alone can impart it ; seeking it, *when* He bids you—that is daily ; seeking it *where* He bids you, in prayers, Scriptures, sacraments, in self-denial, in works of mercy ? Are you striving for it, living for it, ready to die for it ?

Secondly,—Does not the olive-tree remind us of the fair Land of Promise, of Canaan, which was the glory of all lands, “a land of oil-olive, and honey.”

Friends, we have taken a long, expensive journey, and some have made great sacrifices and overcome great difficulties that we might gaze on the lovely scene around us, and might be refreshed and strengthened in this more genial clime ; and I am speaking, perhaps, to some who will put forth all their strength, and will incur fatigue, and almost exhaustion, that they may reach the summit of Mont Chauve, or some other of our towering hills, and thence survey the glorious view beneath them. What exertions, real exertions, are we making—we who

say that here we are strangers and pilgrims, seeking a country that is heavenly—what exertions do we make to reach it ?

Again, in that glorious Temple, exceeding magnificent, which King Solomon builded for the Lord, “within the oracle he made two cherubims of olive-tree, each ten cubits high ;” “the two dcors also were of olive-tree, carved upon with palm-trees and open flowers, and inlaid with gold.”

What do we to beautify the house of the Lord our God ? Is the choice wood to be carved and polished for our own homes, and the rough, plain, common deal sufficient for the palace of the King of kings ? Have we plenty of money to spend in pretty presents of mosaic marqueterie, of inlaid olive wood, for our relations and friends, and no costly offering for Him Whose love for us is wonderful, for Him who giveth all ?

But the olives, on the hills around us, have yet more divine associations, and preach far greater sermons than these. They not only remind us of the Dove and the Deluge, of Canaan and its verdure, of Solomon and the Temple ; they not only tell us of the ancient Church of the Jews, which was in its glory “as an olive-tree, fair and of goodly fruit ;” of the righteous man, who was “a green olive-tree in the house of his God ;” and of the

man who is blessed because he fears the Lord and walks in His ways, whose children are like the olive branches round his table, *just as you see the young scions of the olive surrounding the wide, circular base of the tree*; but they bring before us the fulfilment of prophecy, "His feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives."

Some of us have seen Gustave Doré's picture of our Lord leaving the Prætorium. If we are impressed, as most men are impressed, by the expression of supreme sorrow, invincible love, and complete resignation which we see in that Face and Form, what must the reality have been!—of Jesus coming down the Mount of Olives to teach in the Temple, and going back at night to pray; of Jesus and the holy Apostles, who, after their first Communion, and when they had sung their Eucharistic hymn, went out to the Mount of Olives, of Jesus going thence to Gethsemane, and thence to die?

All this for you and me! Shall we not think of Him as we walk amid the olives? To-morrow, to-night, there may be a cry in your ears, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him." Are your lamps burning with the "pure oil-olive, beaten for the light"?

And now the vine, from many a sunny slope, takes up its parable, and preaches to us of Him who said, "I

am the True Vine, and ye are the branches. I have brought you as a vine out of Egypt, and planted you in My vineyard, which is My Church; and what could have been done more to My vineyard that I have not done to it? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" With all our blessings, our baptism, our mother's teaching, and the prayers we learned at her knee, our confirmation, our Bibles, God's warnings and encouragements, what fruit have we?

God's many, many calls! For the kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man who went out early in the morning, and again about the third hour, and again about the sixth and ninth hours, and again about the eleventh hour, to hire labourers into his vineyard. Look back upon your lives and tell me, have not you had calls in childhood, boyhood, girlhood, manhood, and womanhood to do some good for God? Are you doing it? What did you yesterday—what will you do to-morrow—for your soul and God?

Do you say, I am trying, thanks be to God; but oh! I find the work so hard—I faint, and stagger, and fall under the burden and heat of the day. Take thy consolation from thy Lord's lips: "Every branch, that beareth fruit, He purgeth it that it may bring forth

more fruit." Look at the vines around us, how closely they are pruned. The sharp knife has cut their branches to the stem. So must the iron of repentance enter the sinner's soul, so must that soul through much tribulation go into the kingdom of God. My brothers, my sisters, you know that it is so. You know that sorrow has been a schoolmaster to bring you unto Christ. You know that it has been better for you to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. You can say—

"Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place,
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face,
In kind austereness clad."

You can say, It is good for me, that I have been in trouble.

Yes, there must be the pruning-knife—but then the fruit. There must be the fierce battle before the victory, the stormy voyage before the peaceful haven, the Cross before the Crown. 'Tis but a little while. Do you remember the incident in the life of Alexander, surnamed the Great? He was wandering in his camp, disguised in a common dress, when he came upon a soldier who was taking a large sum of gold, packed upon a mule, to the royal camp. The day was hot, the eminence on which the king's tent had been pitched

was steep. The mule began to stagger under the weight, and the soldier took off a large portion and carried it himself. Still, as they went up higher, the burden seemed too heavy for the animal, and the soldier, instead of punishing, removed so large a portion that he himself, with very great difficulty, toiled upward with his load. The king went behind him, and said, "Courage, my friend ; you are very near the end of your journey. I am Alexander ; and I promise you, that when you reach my tent, that gold shall be your own."

God sees, and blesses, all you do for Him, and "Verily, there is a reward for the righteous ; doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth."

Again the vine takes up its parable, and speaks to us of the use and of the abuse of God's gifts. Of the wine which maketh glad the heart of man, and is given for our refreshment,—or He, Who made it, had never turned the water into wine, when He taught men, at the marriage feast, that He blesses our innocent joys—and of the wine, above all, in which He gives us (miracle of miracles, and mercy of mercies!) His Blood for the refreshing of our souls.

Of the wine, which, nevertheless, may be to us, and is alas ! to multitudes, a deadly drink, the wine of violence, which stings like a serpent, wine, which poisons the

blood, maddens the brain, petrifies the heart, disfigures the very form and face, robs home of all its joy, men of their manhood, women of their glory and grace, and ruins them body and soul.

In vain for these hath Christ trodden the winepress alone, clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, for it is written, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

“Now learn a parable of the fig-tree.” Does it not preach to us of man’s disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world—of our first parents, no longer happy, because no longer innocent, hiding from God, knowing in their accursed knowledge of good and evil, knowing that they were naked?

But, chiefly, it reminds us of our Lord’s teaching that when, as now, its branches are yet tender, and putting forth leaves, we know that summer is nigh, so the time is near for all of us, in which the Master will come, seeking fruit, and woe to those barren trees, having thereon nothing but leaves!

Oh, beware of a religion of leaves only, for it will tempt you in many forms.

Beware of a religion which occupies itself much in criticising and condemning others. The superstitions or

the shortcomings of our neighbours have nothing to do with the account which every man must give of himself.

Beware of a religion which talks a great deal about Christ and Christ Crucified, but has little in its daily life of the mind which was in Christ Jesus, and makes no earnest efforts to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts.

Beware of a religion of mere sentiment, which gazes, and sighs, and wishes, but makes no sacrifice, which hides the cross with flowers, and wears it over, but not within, the heart.

Beware of a religion which costs you nothing, never rises an hour earlier, never denies itself a pleasure, never gives that which it will miss, for the sake of Christ and the soul.

The palm-tree, the stately graceful palm, takes our thoughts to a time, when the Jews were a holy and happy people, because they loved the Lord their God, when, with a thankful remembrance of the harvest safely stored, and of the time when they pitched their tents in the wilderness, they made bowers, from the palm and other trees, upon the flat roofs of their houses, and then, with sacred joy and innocent mirth, kept the great Feast of Tabernacles, saying prayers, and singing praises to God.

And the lesson from that scene is this : there is no true happiness away from God. The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous, and if our homes are to have, as God designs, something of the happiness which was in Eden, which is in Paradise, and will be in Heaven, they must be homes of thanksgiving and prayer.

Again, the palm-tree brings to our remembrance another spectacle of joy and triumph—the Procession of Palm Sunday—of a great multitude, who, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried, “Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel, that cometh in the Name of the Lord.”

What a glorious sunshine on the darkness ; what a grand coronation anthem. Rejoice, daughter of Sion, behold thy King cometh unto thee ! See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph. See, He rides on to Jerusalem—but, He rides on—to die ! Five days afterwards, those eyes, which had gazed in admiration, were glaring with deadly hate ; those hands, which had strewn the palm branches, were pointing at Him with derisive scorn ; those voices, which shouted Hosanna, were yelling, Crucify.

Why ? Because there was no real faith, true love,

in the acclamations of Palm Sunday. They were evoked by one of those sudden impulses, so common in a crowd, by a mere curiosity, and selfish hope. Certainly, they might reason, this man had shown a wonderful power both by His words and by His works. Perhaps, if they flattered Him, He would confer some favour upon them; perhaps He might be their expected King after all, and, if they acknowledged Him as such, He might deliver them from Roman rule, and restore the Kingdom to Israel.

But when He went on His way, meek and lowly; when He told them that His Kingdom was not of this world, then they hated Him.

And does not a very similar delusion prevail commonly among ourselves? Do not many say, There is something impressive and attractive about this religion of Christ, its lessons are very beautiful, its influence is very wonderful, its warnings are very awful, its promises are very glorious—I will give it a trial, and see what it will do for me.

So they cut down a few branches of palm, and cry Hosanna! They buy a Bible and Prayer-book; they go to church "to get good," as they term it; instead of worshipping God, they give a few shillings for charitable purposes; and then, when they find them-

selves no stronger under temptation, and that even the brief efforts which they make are dull and wearisome, by and by they are offended.

A child, who sows a seed in the ground to-day, and goes to-morrow expecting a flower, is wiser than such as these. Because that Bible tells them that the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, that patience must have her perfect work ; that he, who endureth to the end, shall be saved, and the crown given to him that overcometh. Because, when Saint John saw a great multitude before the Throne, clothed with white robes and *palms* in their hands ; and when one of the elders asked, What are these, and whence came they ? This was the answer—Sir, thou knowest. These are they which came out of great tribulation . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

It is beyond my purpose to speak of other trees, having scriptural associations, which we see here, but which are familiar to us in our own land, such as the cedar, and the cypress, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box tree, together ; and I will only say of these, as of all the trees pleasant to the eye or good for food, that they not only teach us to love God as our Saviour, but to fear Him as our Judge. He, who came to save, and will come to judge, has warned us, “ Every tree

that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

And so, just reminding you that one other tree is connected by tradition with that heroic saint, the Baptist, that the locust bean of the carouba was, as it is called by the Germans, "St. John's Bread" in the wilderness, I would speak very briefly, in conclusion, of the sweet-scented shrubs and flowers, which send up their incense heavenward to Him, "Whose breath perfumes them, and Whose pencil paints." The fragrance of the thyme and lavender, of the cassia and the orange blossom, of the violet and the rose, may suggest to our thoughts "the pure incense of sweet spices," which in the days of Moses ascended from the altar to God; of David's words concerning Christ and His Church, "all Thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia;" of the Wise Men offering frankincense to the Holy Babe; of the house which was filled with the odour of the ointment, when devoted Love made its costly offering of the sweet spices which were brought and prepared for the anointing of the Crucified; of the incense used in Christian churches, when "we show forth the Lord's death;" but above all of our dear Lord Himself, Who hath loved us and given Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet-smelling savour, and

through Whom the prayers of His saints rise up, as from golden vials full of odours, before the Throne of God.

Do not the long reeds by the wayside remind us of the saddest scene which this world ever saw, albeit it is the source of all our hope? How they put a reed in His right hand, and mocked Him with their worship? How they smote Him with a reed, and when, in the agony of death, He said, I thirst, one of them ran and put the sponge on a reed and gave Him to drink?

Shall we not think, as we see the oxen drawing the plough in the fields, of Elisha's obedience, when called to the special service of God? Shall we not remember Hosea's words, "Judah shall plow, and Jacob shall break his clods. Sow to yourselves in righteousness; reap in mercy. Break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain Righteousness upon you." Shall we not heed His warning (of whom it was written: the plowers plowed upon My back and made long furrows), No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of Heaven? Shall we not take courage, because "for our sakes, no doubt, this is written, He that ploweth should plow in hope?"

And when we see the sheep, grouped round the

shepherd, or when they move from place to place—not driven, as in England, nor pursued by barking dogs, but *following* him—shall we not think of the Good Shepherd, who said, the sheep hear His voice, and He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice.

Hath He not dealt thus graciously with you and me—placed us in His fold, marked us with His sign, called us by a name, and written it in His book—hath He not fed us in green pastures, and led us forth beside the waters of comfort?

And when we have erred and strayed from Him like lost sheep, have we not heard His voice, calling to us again and again :—

“Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a flock of frightened sheep?
Hearts of men, Why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest Shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, Who would have you
Come and gather round His feet?”

Oh, blessed are they, who, torn by and still trailing the thorns, footsore from the cruel stones, parched by the heat, and wearied by their vain desire for water in

this desert world, have heard the voice of the Good Shepherd, and are going towards it, going back home to God.

Blessed is he, and he only, who can say, The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing. . . . He shall convert my soul, and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for His Name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.

The Valley of the Shadow of Death! that "valley obscure," which you and I must pass through so soon, wherein fearfulness and trembling shall come upon us, and a horrible dread overwhelm us, as the darkness closes in upon us, like huge moving walls to crush us—and we alone!

"No, no, a thousand times no—for He has promised, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"I always knew," said a poor old man, on his death-bed to me, "that He, who has been with me so many years, would be with me when I needed Him most; and it is so." An hour afterwards he died.

"I fear no foe," it was said by a holy man, who came here to Nice to die.'

¹ See page 134.



**“ Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.”**



*Je reviendrai.*¹

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF OUR HOLIDAY.

“PRIMATE, old boy,” said the Posey to the preacher, (the incongruity of his accostal being condoned by the genial goodhumour in which it was spoken), “I liked that sermon. If you’re flowery, there’s honey in your flowers, and if you run, as we gardeners have it, to leaf, there is *fructus inter folia*. Now I want you to do me a favour. We have been at school and college together, friends always. Let us keep together, and help each other, to the end. I have a letter from home this

¹ Facsimile of a palm at Bordighera.

morning ; my old uncle, the rector, is dead. There is a good income and a good house, as you know. Will you accept them ?" The lips quivered, and the eyes glistened, and then came a flush of colour to the pale cheeks of the priest, and for a few seconds his glad heart was too full to speak. Then he said, " I am very, very thankful. God help me to do my duty."

It was our intention, when we left England, to have visited on our homeward route the birth-places and the parents of our most distinguished roses, to wit, the French nurseries, but we received such melancholy reports from Lyons, Paris, and elsewhere, of the havoc wrought by the cruel winter, that we determined to change our course, and travelled accordingly by the grandest underground railway in existence, having seventy-seven tunnels in the last hundred miles, from Nice to Genoa. There, passing with admiration the noble monument close to the station, which "*A Christo-fozo Columbo La Patria*" has erected in the city of his birth, we had a most impressive reception at our hotel. The landlord with a troop of waiters (some of whom must have been lent for the occasion, as we never saw them again) coming to meet us in the vestibule with obedient joy, which faded visibly as we meekly murmured "*au troisième*," and gradually disappeared ; our attendants



FRIENDS FOR LIFE.

dispersing on the different landings, as our humility was exalted, until we were left with a single *garçon* (fat, and an incurable "roarer"), and a very small chambermaid. I suppose that, had we mounted much higher, we should have been left to ourselves, and I wished with all my heart that we had gone up *au dixième*, if there were such a district, when we went to bed, or rather to Bedlam. I have occupied a sleepless apartment in the excellent hotel at Peterborough station, when a long and terrific thunderstorm, assisted by five or six screeching locomotives, made night hideous; I have been present in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford during Commemoration, when the name of a disagreeable proctor has been submitted to the meeting; I have been within a few fields of a Ranter's love feast; I stood on the bridge at Henley, when an Oxford seven beat a Cambridge eight; I have attended an election fight, accompanied by three bands playing different tunes, shrieking women, and a peal of bells; I heard the Yorkshiremen shout when Sir Tatton Sykes led his namesake, who had just won the Leger, to the scales; but these memories seemed to me but as whispers of the summer breeze, compared with the din and the discord of that night at Genoa. Under our windows was a tramway, and thereon heavy carts creaked and rumbled, the mules tinkling their bells,

the drivers bellowing, and making their whips crack like pistols ; close to the tramway a railway, on which goods trains seemed to dance country dances and Sir Roger de Coverley, accompanied by those wretched horns incessantly ; and from the harbour beyond came miscellaneous cries, with more ringing of bells—though these were mere tinklings to the clang which broke out in the early morning from all the churches round.

It rained drearily, and Genoa *la Superba* looked rather sad and sloppy ; but we visited and admired none the less the grandeur and the beauty of the churches, built mainly of black and white marble, and containing, amid many inferior surroundings, much exquisite artistic work, such as the inlaid coloured wood in the stalls of the choir of the Cathedral of St. Lawrence. But the grace of congruity is never maintained throughout these Roman churches, and in that of the Annunciation, gleaming with gold, and gorgeous with colour, the high altar, which so far as one can see is beautifully carved, is enveloped in a wooden covering, gilt, and actually painted with imitations of marble !

Of course we went to see the famous palaces, with their grand vestibules, and staircases, and galleries. And oh, after the first few miles, how thoroughly tired we were of those priceless gems of art ! If one might go

and see a dozen or a score of them—those magnificent Vandykes, for example, as they are moved on their great hinges to the light, and the noble rider on the noble horse raises his hat to salute you ; or if one might be shown a few Rubens, or Titians, or Guido Renis, or Andrea del Sartos—then there would be enjoyment. But to see them by the acre, to be hurried on when you want to pause, and to be held back when you wish to get away, to pass from sacred to profane, from the Virgin to Venus, and from martyrs at the stake to Boers drinking—this turns my head to a kaleidoscope in motion, sets my limbs aching, and makes my spirit faint. If one were Argus with a hundred eyes, or even a swan with two necks, one might find happiness in such a procession, but my poor apparatus breaks down in about twenty minutes, and I am oppressed by cravings for rest and food. Ladies seem to be gifted with a far more elastic power of appreciation ; and whenever a young English bridegroom, who entered the *Palazzo Balbi* with us roseate and smiling, but collapsed after the first room, sat down and groaned, his wife invariably tripped from some distant corner, and “ Franky darling must see *the* picture, the original you know,” &c., &c., &c.

And why, in the name of common-sense and comfort, are we never to have the subject of the picture and the

name of the painter clearly inscribed upon the frame, as in our own National Gallery?

A comfortable tram-car takes you, for 51d., in some forty minutes, within a few yards of the entrance of the Pallavicini Gardens, and though the large gates were just in front, a lot of impudent boys preceded us as guides, crying "*Ici, monsieur, ici!*"—the only French they knew. The Posey presented them with the torn ends of our tramway tickets, as though he were distributing the notes of the country, which they somewhat resembled, and there was a dissolving view of young Italy.

The gardens are a strange mixture of silly shams and beautiful realities. You are paddled about in an artificial cave, led over artificial bridges, and invited to ride hobby-horses, and shown how in certain places you might be drenched by invisible squirts—arrangements imparting grand delights to our London 'Arrys out for the day with their Lizaranns; but you have also much that is truly admirable. The view from the terrace (of Carrara marble) of sea, and mountain, and plain—the fine archway by which you enter the inner grounds, with the appropriate inscription—

*"Valete urbani labores!
Valete procul animi impedimenta!"*

*Me supera, et convexa, et sylvæ, et fontis,
Et quidquid est altiora natura loquentis,
Evehat ad Deum ;”*

and the winding walks, from which you hear the cooling splash of falling waters, and the sweeter music of the nightingale, who

“Sings loud as though he were the bird of day ;”

and from which you see immense specimens of the cork and camphor tree, of the magnolia and arbutus, of the *Araucarias Brasiliana* and *Bidwillii*, with hedges of azaleas and great shrubs of camellia beneath.

We saw that immense mausoleum of marble, that still white city of sleep, that solemn quadrilateral of death, which is called *Campo Santo*, half-an-hour's walk from the city. Here the poor are buried in the ground, the better-to-do folk in long tiers of marble boxes, one above the other, like the drawers in a shop. Some of the empty compartments are pre-engaged, and the guide pointed to one which had the name of the future occupant upon it, and remarked, “*Mais il n'est pas arrivé encore ;*” and the rich have elaborate tombs, with figures life-size upon them, many of them being admirably sculptured. One of the most impressive was the form of a husband, vainly endeavouring in his agony of grief

to detain his young wife, who, with a little child in her arms, was rising heavenward. Another group of eight persons, a death-bed scene, was cut—so the guide informed us, as he brushed a fly from the nose of an angel with his red pocket-handkerchief—from a single block of marble.

Great sums are paid for admission (the lowest being 500 francs) into these cold cloisters of the dead; but I like the green graves in the sunshine, and the simple headstone, best.

As we walked through this wonderful cemetery, the Primate had a long and interesting conversation with a French priest, out for his holiday. I heard the conclusion, which pleased me much. "Which do you consider the principal difference," inquired the Frenchman, "between your religion and the Catholic Church?" "There is no difference whatever," replied the Primate, "between my religion and that of the Catholic Church in her purity; but the chief difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome is just the difference between these two monuments. This one, with the beautiful figure of the Blessed Virgin, with her golden crown as Queen of Heaven, and the inscription below—

"'IO SOLA SON GUIDA AL CIELO'—

is the religion of Rome ; this, with the words of the Saviour—

“ ‘ OMNIS, QUI VIVIT, ET CREDIT IN ME, NON MORIETUR IN ÆTERNUM ’ —

is my religion.” “ It is the same thing,” said the Frenchman ; “ but you do not understand.” “ Neither would St. John or St. Paul understand,” replied the Primate.

We went to the pretty gardens of the *Acqua Sole*, and saw the house—not “ the pink jail,” but the *Palazzo Peschiere*—in which Charles Dickens lived so happily for himself and for those who enjoy, and shall enjoy for generations, the “ pictures ” which he painted there.

Thence, through the mulberries of Piedmont, to the poplars of Lombardy, to the land of Parmesan and Gorgonzola cheese, and to *Milan*.

The first sight of the Cathedral is a disappointment ; and as we passed it hastily on the way to our hotel, the Squire’s commentary, “ a large edition of Peterborough, with marbled edges,” was accepted sadly. But when you walk about this lovely Sion, and tell the towers thereof ; admire, with Dickens, “ the glorious structure in all its majesty and beauty ; ” when you enter that which our great architect, Mr. Street, has declared to be “ absolutely and without doubt the grandest interior in the world,” despite the positive pain which one feels

on hearing that the roof, which seems to be exquisitely carved, is painted ; when you sigh, with the Laureate—

“ O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazoned fires !
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory ! ”

and, above all, when you ascend to the roof, and stand amid the flying buttresses and the statues—of which there are upwards of 2,000—then is the winter of your discontent made glorious summer, and you mentally transfer to the Duomo the inscription of precedence which has been appropriated by the Minster at York—

*“ Ut Rosa Flos Florum,
Sic est Iste Domus Domorum.”*

There is a magnificent panorama to reward you on reaching the summit, framed by the snow-crowned Alps ; but I am never happy on tops and tip-ends and rims, and the suggestion of a very lively lad, whom we took with us, “ How jolly it would be to slide down the lightning conductor ! ” accelerated my descent, to admire the chapels, the altars, the pictures, the carved walnut stalls of the choir, descriptive of the histories of SS. Ambrose and Augustine ; the Chapel of San Carlo Borromeo, and the silver shrine, in which you see (and wish you had not seen) the saint with his gorgeous vestments, and ghastly, fleshless face.

I went frequently during our brief visit to this Queen of Churches, but whenever I went there was some religious service or ceremony in progress. We have begun in our English Cathedrals a restoration of beauty ; when shall we begin a restoration of worship ? When shall we see something more comprehensive and edifying than a very small congregation, mainly composed of the wives and daughters of dignitaries, expressing their gratitude, just before the meridian, that they have been brought to the beginning of another day, or asking to be delivered from the perils and dangers of the night, just before their five o'clock tea ?

The *Cæna Domini* of Leonardo da Vinci is fast fading from the walls of the Dominican refectory, on which it was painted nearly 400 years ago. 'Our great-grand-fathers made the same lamentation, and still this wonderful work—though it is dim with age, discoloured by damp, disfigured by renovators, and though you may now see more of the genius of the artist from his designs in chalk, the *Head of the Saviour* in the Brera Gallery, and the drawings of *Ten of the Apostles* in the King's Collection at the Hague—has gleams of its ancient glory. The afterglow lingers, where the sun has long since set, upon this grand inspiration. The varied expressions of astonishment, horror, indignation, sorrow,

and shame may still be traced on the faces of the Apostles. On the left of the group, St. Bartholomew is perplexed, and St. James the Less inquires from St. Andrew what the words can mean, "Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray Me." St. Peter urges St. John to ask the name of the traitor. Judas, with his sin in his face, affects surprise, as he clutches the bag. Our Lord sits in the midst, with an expression of devoted, dauntless love. St. James the Great is astounded. St. Thomas vows vengeance. St. Matthew seems to feel that the announcement is but too true. St. Thaddæus (St. Jude, the brother of St. James) suspects Iscariot; but St. Simon will not believe it.

Of the Church of St. Ambrose, with its golden altar, and its serpent of bronze, and its countless treasures; of the library of St. Ambrose, with its illuminated manuscript Homer, Virgil annotated by Petrarch, its autographs of Ariosto, Tasso, and Galileo, its precious letters from SS. Alphonse Liguori, Carlo Borromeo, François de Sales, and Philip Neri, contrasting strangely with epistles from Lucretia Borgia, in one of which there is a lock of her hair; in the churches, galleries, and other art treasures of Milan, one might linger for months; but we must hurry home.

By rail to the town of *Como*, the birthplace of the two

Plinys, and thence by boat to Cadenabbia, which we preferred from its site and surroundings to Bellagio, on the shores of the lake—the lake *par excellence*, of all, English, Scotch, Irish, Swiss, Italian. Ah, the tranquil happiness, after the din of those city hotels, of gazing on that scene of perfect beauty, its infinite variety of form and colour, mountain and vale, sterility and vegetation, villages and groves, land and water, with the white Alps in the distance, and the deep blue sky above, all blended in lovely unison! How we enjoyed our rows and swims (they make you a delightful dressing-room within an awning over the boat), our excursions to the *Villa Serbelloni*, with its bright gardens and charming grounds, to *Varenna*, with its Golgotha, and its Milk Cascade, to *Menaggio*, with its handsome church, and the little corner shop of the silversmith, where we bought, after terrific contests as to price, some of the pretty ornaments which the Italian women wear in the hair, as souvenirs for their English sisters.

There are pleasant walks nearer home, to the little *Church of the Madonna de San Martino*, whence you have a charming view over the lake, and whither we were escorted by two tiny guides, who took us under their protection, made pretty little curtsies before the shrine of the Virgin, and crossed themselves with a

finger dipped in the water, when we came to the Holy Well. I like these signs of reverence, though Mr. Cruncher would denounce them as mere "flopping"; but I must admit that the *aqua santa* might be used more beneficially, in combination with a towel and soap.

In the gardens of the *Villa Carlotta*, at the opposite end of the village, you look over banks of roses, and ferns, and bushes of azalea (imagine those glorious specimens, which you see at the London flower shows, glowing in great masses under the blue Italian sky!), upon the lake and mountains beyond; and, having admired the magnolias and paulownias, the cypresses, cryptomerias, and pines, having sighed to see that, even in this sheltered sunny spot, the frost has left its cruel mark upon the more tender varieties of the araucaria, you may admire within the villa some of the masterpieces of Canova, and the bas-reliefs which were made by Thorwaldsen by order of the first Napoleon. Of Canova's work, the Cupid and Psyche seems to me to surpass, as a work of art, anything which I have seen in sculpture, and its exquisite beauty is greatly enhanced by contrast with the sad figure of the Magdalen, in close proximity, and from the same transcendent hand. Here, indeed, are "sermons in stones!" upon cause and consequence, upon "sorrow dogging sin."

À propos of sermons, we went on Sunday to the English chapel in the Hotel de Belle Vue, and there heard a most marvellous choir—unrivalled, not only in power and purity of tone, but in brilliancy and rapidity of execution. Gounod is reported to have said that the midday Celebration at St. Paul's Cathedral in London is the most impressive service in Europe, but I doubt whether the king of organists, who presides thereat—I doubt whether Dr. Stainer could accompany this choir at Cadenabbia. It was located in the trees just outside the chapel, and consisted of three nightingales! They sang, more than is usual, during the sermon, and reminded us how St. Francis of Assisi, when he was interrupted in his preaching at Alviano by the chirping of the birds, who were at that time building their nests, had paused, and said to them, "My sisters, you have talked enough: it is time that I should have my turn. Be silent, and listen to the Word of God;" and they were silent immediately.

Leaving *Como* by carriage for *Porlezza*—

"Novi relinquens Comi mœnia, Lariumque littus,"

as Catullus wrote of Cæcilius—and going by steamer down the *Lake of Lugano*, we are certified that we have passed the Italian frontier, and have entered

the Swiss canton of *Ticino*, by the refusal of the collector of fares to accept our paper money, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*. Very beautiful is this Lake of Lugano, especially at *Lugano* itself, whence we saw a religious procession, with its bright banners and vestments, slowly ascending the great tree-clad *Monte Salvatore*, with the sweet wild cyclamen under foot, to the little chapel on the summit, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Below, in the Church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*, is the wonderful fresco of the *Crucifixion* by *Bernardino Luino*, the favourite pupil of *Leonardo da Vinci*. The figure of the Holy Mother in her overwhelming sorrow is admirably painted. Above the cross of the penitent thief an angel conveys his figure in miniature, and in an attitude of prayer, to Paradise ; and over his remorseless companion a demon bears his resemblance, similarly reduced, struggling in agony, to a place of torment. In the same church, and by the same painter, there is a reproduction of his master's *Last Supper*, in which the hand of Judas has upset the salt. Hence the superstitious dread of spilling it, and the antidote of throwing a portion over the left shoulder, a movement which may have had its origin from the making the sign of the cross.

Between *Lugano* and *Luino*, a charming drive, you

perform the comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* in combination with the officers of customs, who open your boxes, and shut them up again. The Posey, hearing that all plants would be seized, expressed his conviction that such a custom was more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and successfully concealed some favourite specimens in the depths of our luncheon basket.

At *Luino*, a smith shoeing oxen reminded me of a village which I knew well in my boyhood, "Bullock Smithy," now known (but nobody knows why) by the title of *Hazel Grove*.

From *Luino*, down the lovely *Lake Maggiore*, to the loveliest spot on its shores, *Baveno*, happily selected for the residence of our royal mistress, when, in 1878 (unaccompanied, for once, by "Queen's weather"), she occupied, by the loyal desire of its owner, Mr. Henfrey's Villa (*see opposite page*).

From our *Hotel de Beau Rivage*, where Madame Zanolì, with her genial manner and smiling sympathies, makes concord and contentment for all her guests, we rowed to the wave-girt *Isola Madre*, and admired its glorious cypresses, specially *pendula* and *horizontalis*, the grandest *Cedrus deodara* I ever saw; *Taxodium sempervirens*, sixty feet in height; the noble *Ilex*, and

Abies montezumæ, *Yucca recurva*, with twenty spikes of bloom; camphor trees, *magnolias* (*macrophylla* in flower), *azaleas*, *rhododendrons*, *kalmias*; and peacocks glowing, cock-pheasants crowing, nightingales wooing, and white doves cooing, everywhere around you.



MR. HENFREY'S VILLA.

Thence to the sister island—the plainer sister, though she calls herself *Bella*—through its huge palace, with its quaint suite of rooms, partly subterranean, in which the owner, the Count Borromeo, may sing through the summer, “Here in cool grot,” and, above, the state

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apartments, picture galleries, including some very curious paintings on marble, cabinets, carvings, and curiosities, among the latter one of the multitudinous beds in which the great Napoleon is said to have slept the night before the battle of Marengo. The gardens are not interesting, but they contain grand specimens of cork and camphor trees, *Pinus strobus*, *Alsophila australis*, lovely *Thuja*s (*plumosa aurea*), beautiful *kalmias*, and the finest *oleanders* which we saw.

Returning to our boat, we were surprised to find that the lake had worked itself up into a storm, and we had a couple of hours to wait in the hotel, our only solace being a sulky Englishman, who indignantly refused to come in out of the rain, and paced to and fro, fuming and fretting, and evidently convinced that there was a conspiracy between the elements and the waiters to annoy him, and make him spend his money.

From *Baveno* we visited the *Lake of Orta*, with its hills and trees and buildings reflected in the still smooth waters; the *Island of St. Giulio*, and the interesting church, with its grand frescoes and wonderful picture of the Holy Mother by Ferrari, the Madonnas by Carlo Dolce, the Magdalen by Guido Reni, the great black marble pulpit, the body—or rather the bones and shrivelled skin—of St. Giulio, and a far more pleasing

presentment of the saint, exquisitely wrought in needle-work upon an altar frontal of white satin. The bright light upon the face is marvellous, and I am assured by a lady, who is highly accomplished in embroidery, that there is no specimen of the art, ancient or modern, more admirable, of its kind, than this.

We went up the *Sacred Mount of Orta*, and inspected the twenty chapels, in which are represented, by painting in fresco, and figures made, life-size, from terra-cotta, incidents in the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Opposite the first chapel there is a café with the quaint superscription—

*"Oggi non si fa credenza,
Dimani si:
Venite dimani,
Che sarà cost."*

"Though to-day we can give you no credit,
Ask to-morrow, we'll answer you, Yea ;
Come to-morrow, and, sure as we've said it,
You shall find that it is as we say."

The scenes exhibit the birth (which seems to have been attended by a large company, including a horse, who shows much delight), renunciation of the world, institution of the Franciscan order, humility, zeal, supernatural visions—including, of course, the reception of the stigmata (one of the most effective)—the death, and

sepulchre, of the saint. Some of the groups are cleverly designed and executed, some are grotesque, none of them so worthy of the noble, heroic man whom they commemorate, as the statue at the entrance, with the well-chosen words beneath it, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

But *the Sacred Mount of Orta* sinks into insignificance when—having crossed the lake from *Orta* to *Pella*, and having enjoyed a five hours' walk over the *Colma* pass, those Lilliputian alligators, the lizards, rushing madly across the pathway (to tell their mothers, so said one of our trio, that they had just seen three tourists, one of a pale countenance, one of huge proportions, and one of a prince-like and surpassing beauty, whom they called the Posey), the streamlets murmuring below, and the nightingales singing all around, and the goats and the sleek little cows tinkling their bells; by deep blue gentians intermixed with lilies of the valley, dark purple *aquilegias* growing amid the white stars of the daisy, St. Bruno's lily in close contrast with the purple rhododendron of the Alps, amid campanulas rising out of fragrant thyme—we come at last to the glorious view of *Monte Rosa*, and then descend to *Varallo*.

The *Sacro Monte* at Varallo excels in every way its namesake at *Orta*, not only in the number and size of its

chapels, but in its subjects, which are all from the Holy Scriptures, and in the design, modelling, and painting of the groups. There is much that is weak, improbable, incongruous, *e.g.* angels in rich brocades, a head of the Virgin adorned with pale green hair, a little child in the terrible tableau of the Slaughter of the Innocents, playing



THE SIMPLON FROM PALLEENZA.

gaily with a go-cart in the midst of the carnage, as being over the prescribed age ; but the scenes throughout, from the Fall to the Ascension, are reverently and devoutly treated, and many of them, such as the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Epiphany, the Flight into Egypt,

the Woman of Samaria, the Funeral at Nain, the Transfiguration, the Raising of Lazarus, the Moonlight Scene in the Garden at Gethsemane, our Lord in the house of Annas, and the final scenes of His life and death, have a most impressive power. "I wish," said the Primate, "that the children of every Sunday school in England could be brought here by earnest teachers."

We returned to *Baveno*, for the services in the beautiful church, built by the generous Mr. Henfrey, and after taking a preliminary view of the Simplon from Pallenza (*see preceding page*), we crossed it, enraptured with its grandeur, and yet more with its lovely efflorescence, its red lilies and great pendent bunches of snowy saxifrage, its pale yellow anemones, growing out of beds of blue forget-me-not, its exquisite primulas, dianthus, sedums, grasses, lichens, and ferns.

Sleeping at the *Beau Rivage* at *Ouchy*, one of the best hotels in Europe, we bathed next morning in "clear placid Leman," travelled by rail from *Lausanne* to *Paris*, and from Paris—home.

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THE END.

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